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SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONCERT.

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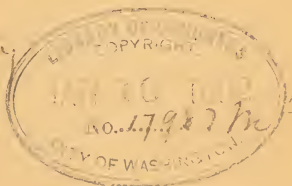
Twenty-Six Concert Exercises

AND

DIALOGUES,

FOR USE OF

*Sunday-Schools, Bands of Hope, and other Juvenile
and Religious Temperance Organizations.*



NEW YORK:

National Temperance Society and Publication House,
58 READE STREET.

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1881.

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THE
ALCOHOL FIEND:

A
Temperance Dialogue,

FOR

Lodges, Divisions, Lyceums, or Sunday Schools.

BY

REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

NEW YORK:

National Temperance Society and Publication House
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J. N. STEARNS, PUBLISHING AGENT,
1877.

THE ALCOHOL FIEND:

A TEMPERANCE DIALOGUE,

FOR

Lodges, Divisions, Lyceums, or Sunday-Schools.

BY

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

CHARACTERS:

THE MINISTER.

THE DOCTOR.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BERNARD (a young man).

MR. COMFORT (a business man).

RACHEL (a young lady).

SCENE—*The Minister's Study.*

[*The Minister sits in his dressing-gown and slippers at his table reading his Bible; turns back from Acts to Proverbs, and back again several times, as if studiously comparing passages. A knock at the door. Holding his Bible in his hand, he opens the door, and the Doctor enters.*]

NOTE.—The scientific statements in this book are mostly based on Dr. Richardson's book "On Alcohol," published by the National Temperance Society, 58 Reade Street, New York.

The Minister.—Good-evening, Doctor.

The Doctor (eye-glasses, cane, etc.)—Good-evening. I've not come with a bill or a pill, but merely for a chat with you. There seems to be a "panic" in our business, and a disastrous falling off in the sick list since the temperance people have been so vigorously at work. Pledges are taking the place of pills.

The Minister.—I'm glad your thoughts are on that subject. I've just been comparing in my Bible the influence of the Holy Spirit in the "Acts," filling the apostles with the "new wine" of spiritual power, which intensified every pure desire and established the soul as king over the body, with the opposite influence of the "wine that is a mocker" (described over here in Proverbs), which intensifies every base desire and makes the body king over the soul.

The Doctor.—As Caligula made his horse a god to be worshiped and obeyed, and as some of the heathen worship monkeys.

The Minister.—I was looking a few moments ago at the two pictures Paul hangs up side by side in the fifth chapter of Galatians, for every man to choose which shall be the picture-biography of his life. He thus pictures the fruit of the Holy Spirit—"Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance"—against such there is no law. By the side of this picture he represents the fruit of the Unclean Spirit, which is also the fruit of ardent spirits—"Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Doctor, why in the world does any man seek the unnatural, unnecessary, unhealthy influence of ardent spirits?

The Doctor.—A young and moderate drinker answered this question by saying, "We don't care anything about liquor, only for the *effects*. We don't like the taste of it; it often makes us 'gag' to take it, and if it wasn't for the *effects*, we shouldn't drink a drop. THE EFFECTS ARE WHAT WE LIKE." He meant the temporary exhilaration that comes from strong drink.

The Minister.—But, in a deeper sense of the word, let us talk about *the “effects” of alcohol upon the individual who uses it in any degree.*

The Doctor.—There can't be much improvement, even to-day, on Solomon's description of those “*effects.*” You remember his diagnosis of the drunkard—“Woe, sorrow, contentions, babblings, wounds without cause, redness of eyes.” It seems they had begun to drug their drinks even then. A whole lecture might be given on the “EFFECTS” OF THE “MIXED WINE;” the poisonous drugs that are constantly found *with* alcohol in popular liquors—its inseparable allies and the deadly foes of the human system—fusel oil, oil of vitriol, oil of juniper, oil of bitter almonds, alum, potassa, nitric acid, sulphuric acid, butyric acid, tannic acid, and other subjects equally deadly.

[*Enter the Minister's wife with Bernard, and Mr. Comfort, and Rachel.*]

The Minister's Wife.—I've brought in your friends, Bernard and Mr. Comfort, who have called to see us. As I heard you talking temperance, I knew it would be no interruption for them to come in, and Rachel, my niece, I see also wishes to join the circle.

[*All shake hands and take seats.*]

The Minister.—We were just speaking of drugged liquors. The City Marshal of a Massachusetts city once told me, that of two hundred gallons of strong drink that he had seized in small quantities from a large number of saloons of all grades the week previous, only one gallon was found pure enough to pay for re-distilling.

Mr. Comfort.—Somebody in Connecticut sold a bottle of the best brandy, and Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, having analyzed the same, finds in it *alum, iron, sulphuric acid, essential oil of some kind, tannic acid, Guinea pepper, burnt sugar, lead and copper, with a basis of whisky.* This

is the delicious though somewhat miscellaneous mixture which, by the aid of a pretty label and a little sealing-wax on the cork, passes for Old Hennessy, London Dock, Martel, or Seignette brandy. The marvel is that it does not instantaneously kill the first deluded wretch who swallows a mouthful of it; and in some cases perhaps it would be better if it did. It seems to be about as well established as most things in this world, that nobody drinking spirits or wines can be sure of their purity. The imbibor opens his mouth and shuts his eyes, as the children do in the nursery play.

The Minister.—But men who drink have so completely shut their eyes to the fact that they are drinking such deadly poisons in their “pure wines” and “best brandies,” that we might well, in most of our speeches and sermons, confine the question to the “effects” of simple alcohol, in its purest form, upon the faculties of man.

The Doctor.—Many seem to forget that alcohol is alcohol, and will do alcohol’s work under whatever name or form it enters the human body. The Greek warriors got into Troy and captured it by hiding in a large wooden horse, which the unsuspecting Trojans allowed to pass their gates as a harmless gift and curiosity. Alcohol, the deadliest foe of the human body, uses similar arts to get into our systems and capture us by HIDING UNDER THE DISGUISE OF FALSE NAMES. There are a great variety of these disguises. Numerous “bitters” and “syrups” hide their deadly purpose under the name of “medicine” until they have captured their victims.

The Minister’s Wife.—At the Old Orchard Beach Temperance Camp Meeting, the President of the Marlboro’ Reform Club, who had been a temperance boy, brought up as a Washingtonian until the age of twenty-two, in narrating his experiences said, that at that age, sickness sent him to a physician who gave him a “syrup”

to take. He used it until he had the "dry gag," one of the painful results of intoxicating drink. He had become a drunkard by using a prescribed medicine, and thirteen of his best years were lost in drunkenness, with all its terrible suffering in body, home, and character. We must look out for the foe that is concealed in the WOODEN HORSE MARKED "MEDICINE," especially in the advertised "bitters" and "syrups."

The Doctor.—Even "Jamaica Ginger," although doubtless a good medicine when taken in proper quantities, is used by some persons in great doses as an alcoholic stimulant—persons who, perhaps, are unconscious of their terrible habit.

The Minister's Wife.—And alcohol is no less alcohol, with power to create a false appetite and lead to death, when it gets into the system under the pleasant disguise of wine jelly, wine sauce, wine-drops, home-made wine, claret punch, Roman punch, wine and brandy in cake, cider in pies, and other articles used as food. What difference would it make in a poisoning case, whether arsenic were administered in food or drink? What difference is there in the influence upon our appetites and our bodily health, whether we take alcohol, which is a poison as *sure* if not as *swift* as arsenic, as a beverage or in our food? If a little alcohol, as a drink, is dangerous as leading to further indulgence or rousing an old appetite, or developing an inherited appetite, then A LITTLE ALCOHOL IN FOOD IS JUST AS SURELY DANGEROUS, and for the same reasons.

Rachel.—There are numerous instances of terrible drunkenness growing out of the use of these kitchen alcoholics. Only yesterday I was reading of a woman who became terribly intemperate by using currant wine, sent to her by a kind, but thoughtless neighbor, when in feeble health. When the giver heard of the terrible result of her gift, she

visited her neighbor, but was greeted with these piercing words: "YOU MADE ME A DRUNKARD BY YOUR CURRANT WINE, MA'AM. When I got well I would have sold my head for strong drink, and now I can't *live* without it." She went home and poured her wine all into the sink; and when Walter plead, "Save just one bottle, mother, for me, and not waste it all," her hand only moved with a more nervous energy as she shook out the last drop, shuddering at the thought that Walter, too, might be a drunkard.

The Minister's Wife.—I have long since resolved, that, in my home at least, no alcohol shall have a place even in food or "bitters." Christian women are leading the nation forward in temperance sentiment, and it can not be long ere the question of TEMPERANCE IN COOKING will be fairly discussed and settled, as the other points of the temperance movement have been, in the spirit of self-sacrifice and Christian love. The pledge in temperance societies ought to be revised to read, "*I solemnly promise, by God's help, NOT TO USE AS A FOOD OR DRINK, anything containing alcohol.*"

The Minister.—There are men in every community fighting with appetite, to whom the slightest taste of alcohol, even at the communion-table or in the midst of food, is like THE TASTE OF BLOOD TO A TAMED TIGER, bringing back the terrible past again. I knew a man not far from here, who was thus overcome even by a drop of communion wine. There are boys who have an inherited appetite for strong drink, that a few wine-drops or a little wine jelly would awake into deadly power. For them the command of God is especially important—"LOOK NOT *upon the wine.*" Let it not be our hands that bring it to their sight. For the safety of others, as well as ourselves, let us persuade every Christian home to banish alcohol from its kitchen, and "bitters" from its closets, and every church to see that no alcoholic wine is given from its altars.

The Doctor.—I have carefully noted in my professional experience THE “AWFUL EFFECTS” OF ALCOHOL UPON THE BODY, in its three great vital systems—the digestive system, the blood system, and the nervous system. Scientific men regard the passage quoted from Solomon as an excellent description of these horrors.

The Minister.—What are the EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL IN THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM?

The Doctor.—To answer that question, first, by showing what are *not* the effects, I would say first of all, that ALCOHOL IS IN NO SENSE AN ARTICLE OF FOOD OR SUSTENANCE. It is not claimed by any that it is a structure-building food, but only a fat-producing food, or at least a heat-and-force-producing food. These three claims have all been ably and completely refuted by such physicians as Richardson and Lees in England, and by Dr. Willard Parker and others in America. ALCOHOL IS NOT FAT-PRODUCING, for some who use it find just an opposite result. In fact, the fattening qualities which it appears to have, come rather from the sugar and starch in certain drinks, rather than from the alcohol itself, or, in other cases, from the unnatural amount of sleep and idleness that intoxication may induce.

Bernard.—But alcohol does produce *heat*.

The Doctor.—So a superficial view of its effects might suggest. The paralysis of the blood circulation in the first stages of intoxication causes the temperature of the body to rise for awhile by spreading out a greater surface of blood, but this is really NOT A HEATING, BUT A COOLING OF THE BLOOD, and the temperature of the body soon after falls dangerously below its usual state. A habitual drinker will actually succumb to Arctic cold sooner than one who uses only water.

Bernard.—But, surely, alcohol produces *force*?

The Doctor.—Another common mistake. Says Dr. Richardson, one of the highest authorities in this line of study, “In the end all these alcoholic fluids are *depressants*, and although at first, by their calling vigorously into play the natural forces, they *seem* to excite, and are, therefore, called *stimulants*; they themselves SUPPLY NO FORCE at any time, but cause *expenditure of force*, by which means they get away out of the body, and therewith lead to exhaustion and paralysis of motion.” So far from being a food to produce fat or heat or force, ALCOHOL IS, BY THE VOICE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE,* “AN IRRITANT POISON, HAVING NO PLACE IN A HEALTHY SYSTEM.” Turning to what alcohol does for digestion, we see that its influence upon the stomach is to cause DYSPEPSIA and kindred difficulties, and at length to produce what is now classed as a disease—AN ALMOST IRRESISTIBLE CRAVING FOR STRONG DRINK, which the conscience, reason, and will can hardly withhold from its usual poison, and which often makes the drunkard’s life a constant and terrible struggle. Then the drunkard realizes “Who hath woe? who hath sorrow?” [Large charts showing the state of the stomach when outraged by alcohol (published by J. N. STEARNS, 58 Reade St., New York), can be bought or hired, and introduced at this point with the remark by the Doctor, “That reminds me of the roll of charts I have just bought and brought over to show you how rum paints its battle-scenes on a man’s stomach and other parts of his body.” The pictures can then be hung up and referred to at appropriate points; or this point may be made the opening of Scene II., and the room arranged as the Doctor’s office, with charts on the walls, the whole party having accepted the Doctor’s invitation to go over to his office and see his new temperance charts.]

Bernard.—Pope Sixtus, you remember, when he was cardinal, pretended he was very weak and sickly, and if

* Dr. Willard Parker.

they elevated him to the office or chair of the Pope, he would only occupy it a little while, for he would soon be gone. He crawled upon his crutches to the chair, and once having attained it, he was strong again. He said: "It was well for me while I was looking for the keys of St. Peter that I should stoop; but now I have found them, why should I stoop any longer?" and he threw away his crutches and was well again. When the demon of drink first approaches, he seems weak, easily managed, perfectly powerless, and the young man, as he takes "just one more glass," thinks he will soon give up drinking altogether, but at length he finds that alcohol has risen from its seeming weakness into a giant's strength, and he is its slave, bound by the chains of an irrepressible craving, whose scars he will carry for life even if he breaks his chain.

The Minister.—Tell us, Doctor, about THE "EFFECTS" OF ALCOHOL IN THE BLOOD SYSTEM.

The Doctor.—From the stomach alcohol is quickly absorbed chiefly by the veins, carried to the heart, and then sent out by the minute circulation into every part of the body. By the paralysis of the nerve-system which accompanies the blood-system, the blood flows too slowly back to the heart, and the face is covered with THE FAMILIAR RED FLUSH of intoxication; but not the face only, for the whole body within and without is also surcharged with blood. "Who hath redness of eyes?"

Mr. Comfort.—I once saw a drunken man throw himself upon the railroad track before a train of cars, causing his skull to break and the brain to fall out, and the same unnatural vermilion flush of injected blood was seen upon his brain as upon his face.

The Doctor.—But it is THE HEART THAT ESPECIALLY SUFFERS from intoxication. During intoxication, the heart-stroke or beat, with the same force in each stroke as before, greatly increases in rapidity, with a weakened recoil

stroke. Each side of the heart lifts three ounces of blood at a stroke, making six ounces for the double stroke. This stroke, in a healthy man, is repeated 100,000 times in a day, but in an intoxicated person it is repeated from 120,000 to 127,000 times. The heart is, therefore, compelled, by intoxication, to do an amount of work in one day equal to lifting from twenty to twenty-four tons one foot.

Mr. Comfort.—Every ounce of alcohol is then the heavy blow of a whip on the heart, driving it to unnatural and exhausting activity.

The Doctor.—Such extra work may be required a few times without apparent harm, but after a few years, to those who “tarry long at the wine,” it results in injuring seriously the valves and orifices and the whole machinery of the heart, with corresponding injury in the veins and arteries.

The Minister's Wife.—Anachrassis said that the vine had three grapes—*pleasure, drunkenness, misery*. The quickening of the blood may mean “pleasure” at first, when the wine is “red” and beautiful “in the cup,” but it means “drunkenness” and “misery” at last, when “it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.” The gay words of the young drinker, “I could stop drinking, if I would,” become changed at length to the sad words of the drunkard, “I would stop drinking, if I could.”

The Minister [*rising to his feet slowly—then walking back and forth as he talks—then leaning on his chair in telling the story*].—Look also at THE “EFFECTS” OF ALCOHOL ON THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, which is so strongly developed in Americans, and makes the use of intoxicants more fatal to us than to many other nations. A merchant was celebrating the marriage of his daughter. While they were enjoying themselves above, he chanced to go to the basement hall below, where he met a servant carrying a lighted candle without a candlestick. She passed on to

the cellar for wood, and returned quickly without the candle. The merchant suddenly remembered that during the day several kegs of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar, one of which had been opened. Inquiring what she had done with the candle, to his awful amazement her reply was, that being unable to carry it with the fuel, she had set in a keg of "black sand" in the cellar. He flew to the spot. A long, red snuff was just ready to fall from the wick into the mass of powder, when, with great presence of mind, placing a hand on each side of the candle, and making his hands meet at the top, over the wick, he safely removed it from the keg. At first he smiled at his previous fear, but the reaction was so great, that it was weeks ere he recovered from the shock which his nerves sustained in that terrible trial. The man who allows alcohol to touch his nervous system, is either ignorantly or wickedly PUTTING A CANDLE IN POWDER. He insures his own ruin by such a perilous combination.

Bernard.—A Kansas man got up a private earthquake the other day, by placing several pounds of powder in the stove to clear the soot out of the pipe. To make it all go out of the pipe, he shut the stove door, and placing his feet against it, heroically awaited the result. As that was the only house within five miles, the funeral over the fragments was held in the open air. That man was not one whit more foolish for bringing fire and powder in contact in his stove, than the man who brings "fire-water" and nerve in contact in his own body. The "effects" are the same in the end.

The Doctor.—Every one has noticed the "effects" of alcohol on the nerves. It PARALYZES THE NERVES OF COMMON SENSATION, and impedes the circulation of the blood; it reaches the NERVES OF VOLUNTARY MOTION, AND THEY LOSE CONTROL of the muscles, causing the lower lip to fall, and the lower limbs to stagger. The

arms also become weak, and the lips but clumsily do their work.

Bernard [*rising and imitating in speech and manner those he describes*].—Yes. The individual who has thus intoxicated his nerves, goes to the store and asks for “Mrs. Soothlow’s Winsling Sly’up.” “Who hath babblings?” He goes home and is unable to get his boots off by repeated efforts, which he attributes to the “hard times” and bad country he is in, and he accordingly soliloquizes in this way: “Well, I have traveled all the world over; I have lived five years in Cuba, four in Jamaica, five in Brazil; I have traveled through Spain and Portugal, and been in Africa, but I never yet was in such an abominable country as this, where a man is obliged to go to bed with his boots on.”

The Doctor.—The NERVES OF SPECIAL SENSE also become drunken, and sight and hearing, taste, touch, and scent are all confused.

Bernard.—Yes, the drunken man sees men as trees walking, and trees as men walking. He staggers against a tree and then apologizes very politely; staggers against two or three others, and concludes a procession is passing, and leans against the fence to wait until it gets by. He mistakes a pump with a long handle for a man whose arm is raised to strike, and so hits it two or three self-wounding blows. “Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause?” He sees some letters on the street lamps, and declares some one has stuck an advertisement on the moon. He sees a lot of snakes as big as a whisky barrel as he passes the rear of a bar-room. When he reaches the square where his house is, the buildings all seem to be swinging round the circle, and he says, “I’ll wait till my house comes round and then I’ll step in.” The moonlight throws his shadow between him and his door, and he takes it for a man, and invites him to step

aside and let him go in. Feeling hungry when he has entered his home, he mistakes a ball of twine for a biscuit, and swallows a part of it, and then, as he pulls it out of his mouth, thinks that he is unravelling. He endeavors to light the lamp by using all the teeth in his wife's shell-comb for matches.

The Doctor.—All this confusion of sight comes from the effect of alcohol upon the delicate optic nerve. Not only temporary, but permanent injury to the eyes comes from the use of alcohol.

Bernard.—That reminds me of a story. An elderly gentleman, accustomed to indulge, entered the room of a certain inn, where sat a grave friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy and water, he complained that "his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and that even spectacles didn't seem to do them any good." "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If thee was to wear thy spectacles over *thy mouth* a few months, thy *eyes* would get round again."

The Doctor.—ALCOHOL DOES NOT SPARE THE BRAIN, as it goes through the system seeking what it may devour. A certain quantity of alcohol fills the brain with blood and makes sleeplessness. In greater quantities it stupefies this king of the physical system, and then the whole body lies three-fourths dead, holding on to life only by the beating of the heart. In fact, the "effects" of alcohol on the whole body are exactly analogous to cases of poisoning, except that the action is far slower. This scythe of alcohol mows down in our land 56,000 bodies every year, to say nothing of those indirectly destroyed by its influence.

Mr. Comfort.—And that is no small number. A coroner in England declares that he holds on an average 300 inquests a year on the bodies of infants smothered by drunken parents. It is also a familiar fact that nearly all

murders are to be credited to this cause, and many deaths from poverty and abuse are connected with intemperance, so that probably 100,000 bodies perish each year in our land through this fiend, "*Al Gohol*." No wonder, De-Foe, seeing such deadly results from the use of strong drink, satirically recommended it as the best means of self-murder.

The Minister.—What significance the words of Solomon have in the light of this destructive power of alcohol in the bodies of men! "*Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath babblings? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?*"

THEY THAT TARRY LONG AT THE WINE.

If we had time to look at THE MORE TERRIBLE RAVAGES OF ALCOHOL IN MAN'S INTELLECT, SENSIBILITY, AND WILL, we should realize yet more fully the depth of "woe" in these words, and the need of earnest Christian work in PREVENTION and REFORM.

Let us sing and then live that song of the Bliss and Sankey book, "Rescue the Perishing," etc.

[*They sing it, audience joining.*]

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Chorus.—Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Cho.—Rescue, etc.

Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Cho.—Rescue, etc.

BEWARE
OF
STRONG DRINK.

A
Temperance Concert Exercise,
FOR
SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, REFORM CLUBS, TEM-
PERANCE ORGANIZATIONS, Etc.

BY MRS. E. H. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK:
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BEWARE
OF
STRONG DRINK.

I.—SINGING.

Tune—"Boylston."

MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light,
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

Mourn for the lost, but pray,
Pray to our God above
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

II.—PRAYER.

Choir chant the Lord's Prayer.

Superintendent.—What are some of the evils mentioned in Galatians v., xx., and xxi. ?

Class No. 1 (boys) and Class No. 2 (girls) rise.

Class 1 (in concert).—Idolatry.

Class 2 (in concert).—Witchcraft.

Class 1.—Hatred.

Class 2.—Variance.

Class 1.—Emulations.

Class 2.—Wrath.

Class 1.—Strife.

Class 2.—Seditions.

Class 1.—Heresies.

Class 2.—Envyings.

Class 1.—Murders.

Class 2.—Drunkenness.

Class 1.—Revelings and such like.

Superintendent.—Of the evils mentioned, which one forms the root of all the others ?

Class 2.—Drunkenness.

Ten scholars rise.

1st Scholar.—In all the catalogue of vices there are none whose destructive effects, in a moral sense, exceed those of drunkenness.

2d Scholar.—It defiles the conscience and hardens the heart.

3d Scholar.—It is a destroyer of property and credit.

4th Scholar.—It brings disorder, distress, and wretchedness into families.

5th Scholar.—It is an enemy to decency and modesty.

6th Scholar.—It leads to profanity, blasphemy, quarrels, fightings, and murders.

7th Scholar.—It is the father of evil, the mother of mischief, the nurse of riot.

8th Scholar.—It weakens the memory and destroys the judgment.

9th Scholar.—It robs a man of his dignity and undermines his health.

10th Scholar.—It leads men from God and all good, hastens on an untimely death, and at last destroys the soul.

Superintendent.—Mention some of the commands found in the Bible concerning strong drink.

Scripture repeated by four young men.

1st Scholar.—"And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute forever throughout your generations."—LEV. x. 8, 9.

2d Scholar.—"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them."—ISA. v. 11.

3d Scholar.—"It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink. Lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted."—PROV. xxxi. 4, 5.

4th Scholar.—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROV. xx. 1.

III.—SINGING.

Tune—"Dennis."

Intemperance walks abroad;
 His victims day by day
 Are wasting, in the paths of sin,
 Their precious life away.

Dear Jesus! Thou hast died,
 Thy gracious arm can save;
 Oh! bring the wanderers to Thy fold,
 And snatch them from the grave.

Convicted of their guilt,
 Oh! may they seek Thy face,
 And never rest till they have found
 The comfort of Thy grace.

Six boys rise.

1st Scholar.—Who hath woe ?

2d Scholar.—Who hath sorrow ?

3d Scholar.—Who hath contentions ?

4th Scholar.—Who hath babbling ?

5th Scholar.—Who hath wounds without cause ?

6th Scholar.—Who hath redness of eyes ?

Class 3 (in concert).—"They that tarry long at the wine ; they that go to seek mixed wine."—PROV. xxiii. 30.

Class 4.—"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."—PROV. xxiii. 31.

Class 5.—"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—PROV. xxiii. 32.

Three scholars rise.

1st Scholar.—Tremble, then, if ever you taste the intoxicating draught.

2d Scholar.—Reflect before you put the cup to your lips.

3d Scholar.—Remember you are forming a habit that shall lead on to the destruction of body, mind, and soul.

Superintendent.—Let us now have repeated some samples, daily seen, resulting from the use of strong drink.

Nine scholars (young ladies) rise.

1st Scholar.—Samples of lonely, tired men,
Who long in vain for their freedom again;

2d Scholar.—Samples of old men worn in the strife;

3d Scholar.—Samples of young men tired of life;

4th Scholar.—Samples of ruined hopes and lives;

5th Scholar.—Samples of desolate homes and wives;

6th Scholar.—Samples of aching hearts grown cold
With anguish and misery untold;

7th Scholar.—Samples of noble youth in disgrace,
Who meet you with averted face;

8th Scholar.—Samples of hungry little ones,
Starving to death in their dreary homes.

9th Scholar.—In fact, there is scarcely a woe on earth
But drink hath nurtured and given it
birth.

Superintendent.—What is written of him who giveth his neighbor drink?

Answered by three young men.

1st Scholar.—"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness."—HAB. ii. 15.

2d Scholar.—"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink!"—ISA. v. 22.

3d Scholar.—"Therefore as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust; because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel."—ISA. v. 24.

IV.—RECITATION.

GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

Go feel what I have felt,
 Go bear what I have borne—
 Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
 And the cold world's proud scorn;
 Then suffer on from year to year—
 Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as there I knelt,
 Implore, beseech, and pray;
 Strive the besotted heart to melt,
 The downward course to stay—
 Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
 Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept
 O'er a loved father's fall;
 See every promised blessing swept—
 Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
 Life's fading flowers strewn all the way
 That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen ;
Behold the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lie bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow ;
Go catch his withered glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's deep misery.

Go to the mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer ;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear.
Mark the worn frame and withered brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
With fading form and trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth ;
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup,
And let her down through love and light,
And all that made the future bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing, " a drunkard's wife ;"
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight, " a drunkard's child."

Go hear, and see, and feel, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its beauty will atone ;
Think of its flavor, you will try,
When all proclaim, " 'Tis drink and die !"

Tell me, " I hate the bowl ?"
Hate is a feeble word ;

I loathe—abhor—my very soul
 With deep disgust is stirred,
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
 Of this dark beverage of *Hell*!

Superintendent.—Has the drunkard any hope of eternal life?

Class 6.—"Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."—1 COR. vi. 10.

Superintendent.—Is there any way of escape from this judgment?

Chorus of twenty voices, selected from the school, rise and sing:

"Depths of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?"

Choir sing:

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore."

Chorus sing:

"I have long withstood His grace,
 Long provoked Him to His face."

Choir sing second stanza of "Depths of Mercy."

Class 7 (in concert).—"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—ISA. lv. 7.

Class 8.—"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 JOHN i. 9.

Class 9.—"And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—ACTS ii. 21.

Minister.—"Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them. And he spake this parable unto them, saying, What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."—LUKE xv. 1-7.

V.—SINGING.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

Superintendent.—Repeat passages of Scripture showing how we should imitate Christ's example in reclaiming those who are fallen from the path of truth and righteousness.

Eight scholars rise.

1st Scholar.—"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."—ROM. xv. 1.

2d Scholar.—"Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."—MATT. xx. 28.

3d Scholar.—"Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient towards all men."—1 THESS. v. 14.

4th Scholar.—"To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."—ACTS xxvi. 18.

VI.—SINGING.

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave,
 Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
 Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

CHORUS.

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe. *Chorus.*

5th Scholar.—"Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering."—COL. iii. 12.

6th Scholar.—"Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."—COL. iii. 14.

VII.—SINGING.

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

7th Scholar.—"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."—GAL. vi. 1.

8th Scholar.—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."—GAL. vi. 1.

VIII.—REMARKS BY PASTOR.

Hymn (sung by choir and congregation):

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly," etc.

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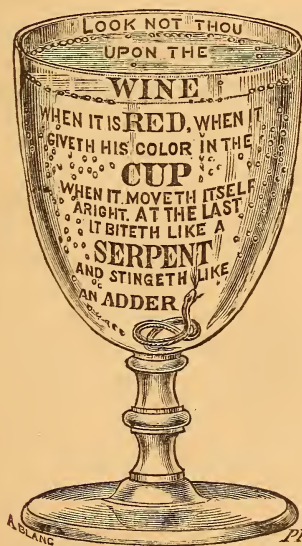
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FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, REFORM CLUBS, TEMPERANCE
ORGANIZATIONS, ETC.

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BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.  
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THE CUP OF DEATH.

I. SINGING.

II. PRAYER.

III. SINGING :

“OUR PRAYER IN SONG.”

Tune—ORTONVILLE.

Great God, thy presence we implore
While we together meet ;
With reverence would we humbly bow
Before thy gracious seat.

Let truth and temperance prevail
Throughout our favored land,
And may a numerous host come forth
To join our growing band.

IV. SCRIPTURE READING : Dan. i. 8-16.

V. SINGING : “Dare to be a Daniel.” (“Gospel Songs,”
p. 53.)

VI. TOTAL ABSTINENCE AS PRACTISED BY BIBLE CHARACTERS.*

* It will be necessary to drill the school on this exercise, that the answers may be thoroughly memorized.

Superintendent. Who first took a temperance pledge?

School. Samson's mother. Judges xiii. 13, 14.

Supt. What other celebrated persons mentioned in the Bible abstained from the use of wine?

Sch. Samson, Samuel, Daniel, and John the Baptist.

Supt. What religious orders mentioned in the Old Testament abstained from the use of wine?

Sch. The Nazarites and Rechabites. Num. vi. 2-4, Jer. xxxv. 18, 19.

Supt. Who was the founder of the Rechabites?

Sch. Jonadab, the son of Rechab. Jeremiah xxxv. 18.

Supt. When pots full of wine were set before the Rechabites in Jerusalem, and they were requested to drink thereof, what did they answer?

Sch. They said, "We will drink no wine: for Jonadab the son of Rechab our father commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons for ever." Jer. xxxv. 6.

Supt. What blessing was pronounced upon them by the prophet Jeremiah for their fidelity to their vows?

Sch. Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever.

Supt. How were they to "stand before the Lord"?

Sch. They were to minister before the Lord in the temple service.

Supt. What can you say of St. Paul's advice to Timothy to drink no longer water, but use a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities? 1 Tim. v. 23.

Sch. He recommended the use of "a little wine," not as a beverage, but as a medicine.

Supt. What example of total abstinence practised by a whole nation is recorded in the Scriptures?

Sch. The whole nation of Israel drank "neither wine nor strong drink" during their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness. Deut. xxix. 6.

Supt. What should be the practice of the Christian Church?

Sch. "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul."

VII. SINGING :

THE STAR OF TEMPERANCE.

Tune—"GREENVILLE."

Rise and shine through every nation,
O thou temperance star divine !
Bless, oh ! bless the whole creation ;
Enter every heart and mind.
Rouse the drinkers !
Teach them to be wise in time.

Guided by the great Jehovah,
Strengthened by his mighty hand,
Even drunkards are made sober ;
See them travel through the land ;
They shall prosper,
Joined in one teetotal band.

Who will come and join our standard ?
Help to pull the strongholds down ?
Temperance men ! unite, come forward,
Then the triumph is your own ;
Endless victory
Will your useful labors crown !

VIII. RECITATION (by a boy) :

WHAT ALCOHOL WILL DO.

"It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol, regularly applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach, will remove the boards from the fence, let cattle into his crops, kill his fruit-trees, mortgage his farm, and sow his fields with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his building, break the glass out of the windows and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and the polish from his manners, subdue his reason, arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family, and topple him into a drunkard's grave. It will do this to the artisan

and the capitalist, the matron and the maiden, as well as to the farmer; for, in its deadly enmity to the human race, alcohol is no respecter of persons."—*The Temperance Worker*.

IX. THE RUMSELLER AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Superintendent. Imagine a rumseller at the Centennial making a speech in this style :

RECITATION by a young man (looking down as if upon a drunkard) :

"This thing you see here, ladies and gentlemen, is the product of American skill and industry. He was once a man—may say, gentleman. He stood erect, moved with jubilant feet, had a countenance beaming with intelligence, a mind of vast power, and a character without reproach. He was a loving child, a loyal husband, a splendid citizen, before he came into my laboratory. I have worked him over. I touched his clear eyes with crimson, and made his nose as red and irregular as a lump of coral. I embroidered his cheeks with rum-buds and brandy-blossoms. I cracked his voice and crooked his form. I stained his character and shattered his mind. Look, ladies and gentlemen, at this miracle of mechanism. A fit of delirium tremens is coming on. See the artistic contortions of his face. His form seems like the embodiment of a guilty conscience. Every vein is a viper, every artery is an adder, each hair is a scorpion. His blood is like liquid fire. No matter what a man's religious belief is, he believes in hell when he has the delirium tremens. He sees the devils then. Don't go too near him, dear friends. A lighted cigar in contact with his breath might result in spontaneous combustion. You ask me why I do this kind of work. Because it pays. I do it according to law. Men go to the legislature to protect me in my licensed trade. It does not require much brains nor much money to do this work. Why, ladies and gentlemen, you can see plenty of specimens of my work, and of the work of men in my calling, in the poor-houses and prisons and mad-houses all over the land."

X. RECITATION (by a group of young boys) :

WHO KILLED TOM ROPER ?

- 1st boy.* Who killed Tom Roper ?
2d boy. Not I, said New Cider,
I couldn't kill a spider ;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
3d boy. Not I, said Strong Ale.
I make men tough and hale ;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
4th boy. Not I, said Lager Beer,
I don't intoxicate. D'ye hear ? (cross.)
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
5th boy. Not I, said Bourbon Whisky,
I make sick folks spry and frisky ;
The doctors say so ; don't they know
What quickens blood that runs too slow ?
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
6th boy. Not I, said sparkling old Champagne,
No poor man e'er by me was slain ;
I cheer the rich in lordly halls
And scorn the place where the drunkard falls ;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
7th boy. Not we, said various other wines ;
What ! juice of grapes, product of vines,
Kill a man ? No, never !
We didn't kill Tom Roper.
8th boy. Not I, said Holland Gin,
To charge such a crime to me is a sin ;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
9th boy. Nor I, spoke up Brandy strong,
He grew too poor to buy me long ;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
10th boy. Not I, said Medford Rum,
He was almost gone before I come ;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

All. Ha ! ha ! laughed old Prince Alcohol,
Each struck the blow that made him fall ;
And all that helped to make him toper
My agents were, to kill Tom Roper.

XI. SINGING: "Dare to do right." ("Ripples of Song," p. 52.)

XII. SOLOMON'S TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.

Superintendent. What does Solomon say in regard to total abstinence?

RECITATION:

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich. Be not among wine-bibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

XIII. ISAIAH'S TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.

Superintendent. And what does Isaiah say for the cause of temperance?

RECITATION:

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink, that continue till night, till wine inflame them.

But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.

They shall not drink wine with a song; strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink, which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous

from him. Therefore, as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust; because they have cast away the law of the Lord of Hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel.

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins: return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.

XIV. SINGING:

Tune—WEBB.

Lift high the temperance banner!
 Ay, proudly let it wave,
 To save the poor inebriate
 From a degraded grave.
 Then, Christian, at your station,
 To quell the raging storm;
 Let hearts and hands united
 Strive for a glad reform.

Come, join the noble army,
 Enlist now for the fight;
 Maintain our nation's honor,
 Firm stand ye for the right.
 Promote the cause of temperance
 To assist poor fallen man;
 Put on the glorious armor,
 Be foremost in the van.

XV. CHRIST'S TEMPERANCE WARNINGS.

Superintendent. What warnings does Christ utter against intemperance?

RECITATION :

Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.

But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming ; and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken, the Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites : there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

XVI. PAUL'S TEMPERANCE PLATFORM.

Superintendent. And what was Paul's temperance platform ?

RECITATION :

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess ; but be filled with the Spirit.

Let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying.

Of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God ? Be not deceived ; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.

XVII. SINGING :

Tune—BOYLSTON.

Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong ;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign
And the deluded throng.

Mourn for the tarnished gem ;
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free ;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

XVIII. RECITATION (by little boy or girl) :

There used to be a class of people who lived on the coast of England, called "wreckers." In the dark, stormy nights many richly laden ships were dashed to pieces upon the rocks, and these wreckers would seize as much of the goods as they could for their own, and, selling them for a large price, they often became quite wealthy.

Now, it is a terrible thing to wreck ships and destroy human lives ; but it is much more terrible to wreck human souls. Are there any soul-wreckers ? Yes, an *infidel* is one. I hope we shall not grow up infidels. A *runseller* is another *wrecker*. By the poison he sells to many a human being with brilliant talents, he destroys both body and soul. Maybe some of these soul-wrecking runsellers would listen, if the Sabbath-school children would ask them to please not sell any more intoxicating drinks.

XIX. RECITATION :

THE SOCIAL QUICKSAND.*

"It sometimes happens on certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is sand no longer—it is glue.

"The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes as soon as he lifts his foot the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little cloud of sand-fleas continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels somehow as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

"He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. His feet have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the sand; he will retrace his steps; he turns back; he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left; the sand is half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load, if he has one, lightens himself like a ship in distress; it is already too late: the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if there is no help in sight, it is all over.

"He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, impossible to slacken or to hasten, which

* Should be spoken by a person of great dramatic power. The first parts in quotation are from Victor Hugo.

endures for hours, which will not end, which seizes you erect, free and in full health, which draws you by the feet, which at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the trees, the green fields, the smoke of the villages on the plains, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes inters him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed up. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

"Behold him waist-deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobs frenziedly; the sand rises. The sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it; silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them; night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves and shakes, and disappears. It is the earth drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain and opens like a wave."

You have doubtless noticed during this description the striking analogy between the quicksand and intemperance.

The young man indulges in his social glass joyously, merrily, until at length he feels a little of the power of appetite; but he is not anxious. His strong will can keep it in check, and he goes on with his indulgences without a thought of fear. Songs are merry about him, laughter is loud and frequent; he is in no danger of crossing the invisible line between moderation and drunkenness. And yet somehow his feet become unsteady, and his nerves tremble strangely. Suddenly he wakes from his dream of security to find that last night he lost control of himself and became the laughing-stock of the street. He makes resolutions of reform; he will give up his drinks. Then he finds that the dregs of the social glass form a quicksand that holds his feet with a terrible power.

With agony he realizes the power of a quenchless thirst. He takes the pledge, entreats the aid of friends, resolves to

amend ; falls, resolves again ; again he yields to temptation. Then if Faith, Hope, and Charity do not lead him to Christ, and "hope all things" for him, even against hope, and forgive all his failures, and deliver him from evil, he will die in despair.

And what a death is that which the quicksand of rum gives to victims !—fires of hell devouring him slowly within ; terrible visions surrounding him without.

"He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs."

The path which he entered seemed bright to him, but the end thereof is the way of death.

Amid smiles and songs "his feet took hold on hell."

Are not some of our young men unconsciously crossing the line between safety and death ?

Bid them beware the quicksand that looks so enticing, but hides a grave ! "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Are there not some who begin to realize that appetite is getting powerful within them, and who are struggling with it ?

Let us help them, in the name of God ; encamp round about them with our charity, and answer their prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," by closing the dens of the tempter.

And let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love ; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.

XX. SINGING :

Tune—ZION.

Round the temperance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind ;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing, and blind ;
Kindly tell them
How they comfort now may find.

Bear the blissful tidings onward,
Bear them all the world around ;
Let the myriads thronging downward
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
And obeying,
In the paths of peace be found.

XXI. RECITATION :

COME, SIGN THE PLEDGE.

Young man, why will you not sign the pledge,
And stand with the true and the brave?
How dare you lean over the dangerous ledge
Above the inebriate's grave?
There's death in the draught that you jovially sip—
Ten thousands its poison has slain!
Oh! touch not the mad'ning cup to your lip,
'Twill ruin both spirit and brain!
Come, sign the pledge.

Young woman, why will you not sign the pledge?
Ay, pledging your love and your name
Will be to your brother or lover a hedge
Of roses to keep him from shame.
No other can guard the wayward so well,
And lead him in paths that are true;
None other, perhaps, can sever the spell
That binds him to danger, but you.
Come, sign the pledge.

Fond mother, unless you, too, sign the pledge
Your prayers may be offered in vain;
They may not avert cold Sorrow's keen edge
That threatens your bosom with pain.
But give your example to strengthen the boy
Who has strayed from your side so long;
It may be the means which you should employ
To win him from danger and wrong.
Come, sign the pledge.

Old man, why will you not sign the pledge,
And your terrible appetite leave?
Your palsied hand, in entering this wedge,
May work for your soul a reprieve.
'Tis never too late, old father, to mend—
You've only to *try*, and you *can*;
As you've but the end of your life to spend,
Oh! spend it a temperate man!
Come, sign the pledge.

Yes, let us all sign the temperance pledge ;
 Then banded together we'll stand,
 And swing to the right and the left the sledge
 Whose blows shall awaken the land !
 Till boyhood, beginning to tamper with Rum,
 And the youth just feeling his chain,
 With the drunkard that lies in the gutter, shall come
 To join our victorious train.
 Then come, sign the pledge.

—*G. H. Barnes.*

XXII. A PLEDGE read aloud, and then copies of it on cards circulated quickly through the audience, one to each pew, with pencil, or audience pledged by hands uplifted.

XXIII. SINGING :

Tune—PARK STREET.

We praise Thee that a noble throng
 Of souls redeemed are with us now,
 Who cease to sing the drunkard's song
 And at the throne of mercy bow.

Still give us grace, Almighty King,
 Unwavering at our posts to stand,
 Till, grateful, to thy shrine we bring
 The tribute of a ransomed land.

XXIV. PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

THE FRUITS THEREOF.

A

Temperance Concert Exercise,

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, REFORM CLUBS, TEMPERANCE
ORGANIZATIONS, ETC.

~~~~~  
BY THOS. R. THOMPSON.  
~~~~~

~~~~~  
THE FRUITS THEREOF.  
~~~~~

WATER.

“Wherefore
by their fruits
ye shall know
them.”

MATT. vii. 20.

RUM.

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THE FRUITS THEREOF.

- I.—SINGING (by the congregation.)
II.—READING (Matt. vii., 15-20, by the Superintendent).
III.—PRAYER (by the Pastor).
IV.—SINGING (by the children. Gospel Hymns No. 2
“What shall the Harvest be?”)
V.—CONCERT EXERCISE.

NOTE.—Arrange over the center of the platform the title, “The Fruits Thereof,” and on the one side the word “Water” and on the other side the word “Rum,” as in the accompanying diagram.

Superintendent.—The girls will recite the fruits of water, the boys the fruits of rum.

Girls in concert.—I am pale, but I am pure,
Cool and clear and bright,
And the sunbeams dance with pleasure
In my crystal light.

Boys in concert.—I am not so very pure,
I am not so bright;
But the bubbles upward sparkle
When I see the light.

Girls.—God designed me for a blessing;
I obeyed His call,
And I now bestow my favor
Equally on all.

Boys.—If my fruits are always evil,
I must be so too;
But, before you judge, I'll show them
Openly to you.

Girls.—I in hills and vales am planted,
And the fruits I grow
I will freely unto all men
For their guidance show.

Boys.—I create a strong desire,
Hard to overcome,
Budding out in wine and cider,
Blossoming in rum.

Girls.—I in cool, refreshing showers
Follow after dearth;
Giving life to vegetation,
Watering the earth.

Boys.—I arouse the evil passions,
Hidden or suppressed;
Drive the knife the murderer handles
In his victim's breast.

Girls.—When the bright warm sun is shining
On a Summer's day,
I the thirst of man and cattle
Cheerfully allay.

Boys.—Those who quaff my flowing measures
Drink to drink again;
I demand it of the thousands
Over whom I reign.

Girls.—Those who seek the cup I offer
Drink and are made glad;
In my depths there lurks no poison—
Nothing foul or bad.

Boys.—Pain I give instead of pleasure,
And an aching brain
I bestow on those who love me;
Some I drive insane.

Girls.—I in light and snowy crystals
Clothe the earth in white,
And in dew-drops dance and sparkle
In the morning light.

Boys.—I have dragged the great and noble
From the height of fame,
And rejoiced to see them lying
Drunken in their shame.

Girls.—I have only scattered pleasure,
With a willing hand
Blessing every son of labor
Toiling in the land.

Boys.—I increase the rate of taxes,
I oppress the poor,
And on hosts of helpless paupers
Close the poor-house door.

Girls.—I delight in truth and temp'rance,
And in all things good;
Water benefits the system,
Mixes with the blood.

Boys.—I impair the health, and scatter
Foul disease and crime;
Send to death a host of mortals
Long before their prime.

Girls.—I make glad the whole creation—
Valley, hill, and plain;
All the earth I freely water
With refreshing rain.

Boys.—I destroy the finer feelings
Of the human breast;
Lull the tender voice of conscience
Hopelessly to rest.

Girls.—I am free from fermentation,
Free from drugs, from harm;
And to those who freely use me
I ne'er cause alarm.

Boys.—I can boast of many mixtures—
I intoxicate,
And increase the list of murders
Yearly in the State.

Girls.—I am called a liquid treasure,
Cool, and bright, and clear;
Far excelling all vile liquors,
Such as rum and beer.

All in concert.—We will drink what God provided
For the great and small:
Water bright, and clear and crystal,
Is the drink for all.

VI.—SINGING.

VII.—THE FRUITS OF THE FLESH AND OF THE SPIRIT.

Superintendent.—Why are we commanded to walk in the Spirit ?

Children in concert.—“Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh.”

Supt.—What are the works of the flesh ?

First voice.—“The works of the flesh are manifest: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness.”

Second voice.—“Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies.”

Third voice.—“Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revilings, and such like; they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.”

Supt.—What are the fruits of the Spirit ?

Fourth voice.—“The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.”

Fifth voice.—“Meekness, temperance : against such there is no law.”

Sixth voice.—“Let us not be desirous of vainglory, provoking one another, envying one another.”

All in concert.—Send Thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
Our steps to guide
Safely thro' life's thorny way
To Thy precious side.

VIII. RECITATION.

THE FRUITS OF RUM.

Superintendent.—We will recite some of the fruits resulting from the sale of rum.

Four boys will arise.

First boy.—Fruits of the traffic in rum are these:

Second boy.—Poverty, crime, and foul disease;

Third boy.—Revelings, drunkenness and strife ;

Fourth boy.—Loss of estate and loss of life;

First boy.—Loss of companions kind and dear;

Second boy.—Headaches and pains, the fruits of
beer;

Third boy.—Loss of employment, sad disgrace;

Fourth boy.—Blotches and pimples on the face;

First boy.—Brains that are softening day by day;

Second boy.—Health that is fleeing fast away;

Third boy.—Bruises and wounds most hard to bear;

Fourth boy.—Ruin and death and blank despair;

First boy.—Hopes that are crushed and vows un-
paid;

Second boy.—Husbands in paupers' coffins laid;

Third boy.—Desolate homes, cheerless and bare;

Fourth boy.—Women and children starving there;

First boy.—Tears and distress and lack of clothes;

Second boy.—Fighting and swearing and other woes

Third boy.—Such are the fruits we daily see.

Fourth boy.—O, what a pity such things should be !

IX. SINGING.

MESSENGER AND INQUIRERS.

NOTE.—This is performed by six or more children, who walk to the front of the platform, and with their backs toward the audience, ask in concert the following. After the first inquiry is made, the Messenger (who should have a clear voice) arises from the platform to reply, and remains standing till the close.

Inquirers.—Tell us, for we fain would know
If the luscious fruits which grow
Are not for our use ?
Did not He whose sun doth shine,
Make for us both corn and wine ?

Messenger.—Yes, without our feeble aid,
God, the earth's Creator, made
Corn and wine.

Inq.—Why should we His gifts refuse ?
Made He not the wine to use ?
Did not He on us below
All His bounteous gifts bestow ?

Mess.—We in no wise should refuse
What the Lord would have us use ;
What is right and what is good,
God has given us for food,
And prepared for all, I think,
Water, and not wine, for drink.

Inq.—That we cheerfully allow,
But would have you tell us how
We could properly refuse
That which God would have us use ?

Mess.—Think you 'tis your Maker's will
That His creatures should distill,
For the sake of transient gain,
Poison to destroy the brain ?
Think you He delights to see
Drunkenness and misery ?
Half the ills poor mortals know,
From the fatal wine-cup flow.

Inq.—It was used in ancient days,
And the Scriptures sound its praise:
Making glad the downcast heart,
It performs a noble part.
When the matchless Son of God
On this earth, a pilgrim, trod,
Turned He not by power divine
Water into ruby wine ?

Mess.—Yes; but have you never read
What Isaiah bravely said ?
Wine and strong drink led astray
Priests and prophets in his day.
Christ, who ne'er did aught amiss,
Never made such wine as this;
Such in nature is not found
Under or above the ground.

Inq.—Pray, the difference explain:
Can a blessing prove a bane?
Wine which maketh glad the heart
Must fulfill a noble part.
We would have it understood:
Wine was sent to do us good.
You declare to us to-day
Wine is bad, and leads astray;

We the truth would now receive,
If we know what to believe.

Mess.—In the Scriptures you will find
Mentioned wines of either kind—
One which doth in clusters grow,
Blessing all who dwell below:
Perfect, pure, luscious, sweet,
Ripened by the Summer's heat;
Nature's wines of Bible days,
These the Scriptures always praise.

But the Scriptures likewise say,
That the other leads astray;
In its depths a sting doth lurk—
Fermentation does the work;
And it leads as much astray
Now, as in Isaiah's day.

Inq.—Now, "The truth has made us free,"
And the point we plainly see:
Unfermented wines were made
By the Lord without our aid;
These are blessed and do us good,
Serving us for drink and food;
Wines fermented do us harm—
Cause us anguish and alarm;
Blessings rest upon the first,
But the other God has cursed.

XI.—DIALOGUE (for two or more boys and girls).

UNMANLY HABITS.

Boys in concert.—Is it manly to smoke?

Girls in concert.— No, no!

You have only to look

At the thousands who took

To the weed in their youth,
To discover the truth,

Boys in con.—Is it manly to drink?

Girls in con.— O, no!

For it leads, ere you think,
Unto ruin's wide brink;
And then over your name
Casts the shadow of shame.

Boys in con.—Is it manly to swear?

Girls in con.— Nay, nay!

You had better beware—
Evil words prove a snare;
They're debasing and low,
As we very well know.

Boys in con.—It neither is manly

To smoke, drink, or swear;
Of habits like these
It is best to beware.

XII.—SINGING.

XIII.—RECITATION (for an older scholar).

THE POWER OF CHRIST TO SAVE.

The meeting-house was crowded—many stood—
And numbers asked for prayer;
And all acknowledged it was really good
To be found waiting there.
Old men whose heads were white, arose and told
How God from place to place
Had led, in pastures green, the faithful fold
Who trusted in His grace.

And hopeful youth, with bright and sparkling eye,
Delighted there to tell
How Jesus in temptation's hour was nigh,
And had done all things well.
'Twas sweet indeed to catch the words which came
From quiv'ring lips that day;
To hear them lisp the blessed Saviour's name,
Who bore their sins away.

The minister arose from prayer; said he,
"The time to close is nigh,
But all who hear my voice to-day, are free
To further testify.
A pause ensued—and then a man arose—
A stranger tall and gray;
Said he : "I could not let this meeting close
Without a word to-day.

"Just five and forty years ago, I stood
Beside my mother's bed ;
A woman gentle, patient, kind, and good ;
These are the words she said :
'My son, I soon shall pass away to rest ;
So promise, e'er I go,
To serve the Lord—it is my last request ;
Good-bye, my boy, my Joe!'

"I then was twelve years old ; at seventeen
I left my father's roof ;
And soon a greater scapegrace ne'er was seen—
I heeded not reproof,
But learned to love the drunkard's cup ; in it
I strove to find relief,
And tried to drown therein all thought and care:
My happiness was brief.

“My wife was taken by her friends away ;
I sold all that I had,
And lay through many a bright and lovely day
With foul delirium mad.
Thus by degrees I very quickly fell ;
An object was for scorn ;
My home the cold and cheerless prison cell,
Where oft I’ve slept till morn.

But He who doeth all things well
I shall forever praise,
And for a good and praying wife
Give thanks thro’ all my days.
One night, controlling for awhile my brain,
The promise I had made
Came vividly before my mind again—
’Twas then I sought God’s aid.

“Upon my knees, in vain I tried to pray,
While from me burst a groan ;
That night my sins were washed by Christ away,
Who doth for all atone ;
And by His grace, I from that hour have stood,
Snatched, as it were, from death—
A guilty sinner cleansed by Jesus’ blood,
I’ll praise Him while I’ve breath.

XIV. RECITATION (by a little boy).

OUR DUTY.

Pray listen to what I am going to say,
And when I have done, I’ll get out of the way ;
I’m not very big, but I’ll do what I can
To amuse and instruct every woman and man.

I think it's our duty to do as we're told—
To succor the needy, be kind to the old,
To willingly mind all our parents may say,
And strive to be useful and good every day ;
To shun naughty boys, who tell lies and deceive—
The statements of such you can never believe.
'Tis better, by far, to be honest and true,
To side with the right, tho' in numbers but few ;
And shun all bad habits, they prove a sad curse,
Oft leading to others a thousand times worse.
Be courteous, be kind, and forgiving of wrong ;
And ready to help a weak brother along.
Shun liquors, which 'rouse the worst passions within,
And ask God for grace that will keep you from sin.
Don't drink even cider, much more wine and beer—
From wicked companions at all times keep clear.
I hope you'll excuse me for speaking so long ;
We want you to help us, we shun what is wrong.
Kind words we would always endeavor to use,
Tobacco and drink, of course, we refuse.
And, girls, let me whisper a word in your ear :
Don't marry a man who loves spirits or beer ;
And now I have said nearly all that I can,
I'll bid you adieu like a good little man.

XV. RECITATION.

THE TREE AND ITS FRUITS.

Fruits of gin, and wine and whisky,
Show themselves by day ;
And at night in wretched hovels
Slowly crawl away.

In the jail and in the gutter,
Ragged and unclean ;
Drunken, helpless, and degraded,
Fruits of rum are seen.

In the fearful lack of business,
In the dearth of trade,
We but see the desolation
Licensed rum has made.

When the tree itself is evil,
How can it but bear
Fruits which lead from sin and ruin,
Down into despair ?

XVI. SINGING.

CLOSING ODE.

[*Tune.*—" Sicilian Hymn. "]

Gracious Lord, we raise our voices
Full of thankfulness to Thee;
May each heart that now rejoices,
Evermore Thy temple be.
Grant us Thy divine protection;
Bless us, Father, e'er we part;
Perfect us with Thy perfection,
Make us one with Thee in heart.

WHO HATH WOE?

A

Temperance Concert Exercise,

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, REFORM CLUBS, TEMPERANCE
ORGANIZATIONS, ETC.

~~~~~  
BY J. E. DALE.  
~~~~~

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WHO HATH WOE?

- I.—SINGING BY CHOIR. Temperance Anthem.
II.—READING IN CONCERT. (Ps. I.)
III.—PRAYER.
IV.—SINGING. “Do the right, never fear.” — *Pure Gold*, page 138.
V.—RECITATION :

THE POOR MAN AND THE FIEND.

A fiend once met an humble man
At night, in the cold, dark street,
And led him into a palace fair,
Where music circled sweet:
And light and warmth cheered the wanderer's
heart,
From frost and darkness screened,
Till his brain grew mad beneath the joy,
And he worshiped before the fiend.

Ah! well if he ne'er had knelt to that fiend,
For a taskmaster grim was he;
And he said, “One-half of thy life on earth
I enjoin thee to yield to me;
And when, from rising till set of sun,
Thou hast toiled in the heat or snow,
Let thy gains on mine altar an offering be;”
And the poor man never said “No!”

The poor man had health, more dear than gold,
Stout bone, and muscle strong,
That neither faint nor weary grew,
To toil the June day long;

And the fiend, his god, cried hoarse and loud,

“Thy strength thou must forego,

Or thou no worshiper art of mine:”

And the poor man ne’er said “No!”

Three children blest the poor man’s home—

Stray angels dropped on earth—

The fiend beheld their sweet blue eyes,

And he laughed in fearful mirth:

“Bring forth thy little ones,” quoth he,

“My godhead wills it so!

I want an evening sacrifice:”

And the poor man ne’er said “No!”

A young wife sat by the poor man’s fire,

Who, since she blushed a bride,

Had gilded his sorrow, and brightened his joys,

His guardian, friend, and guide.

Foul fall the fiend! he gave command,

“Come, mix the cup of woe,

Bid thy young wife drain it to the dregs:”

And the poor man ne’er said “No!”

O, misery now for this poor man!

O, deepest of misery!

Next the fiend his godlike reason took,

And among the beasts fed he;

And when the sentinel mind was gone,

He pilfered his soul also;

And—marvel of marvels!—he murmured not;

The poor man ne’er said “No!”

Now, men and matrons in your prime,

Children and grandsires old,

Come listen, with soul as well as ear,

This saying whilst I unfold;

O, listen! till your brain whirls round,
 And your heart is sick to think,
 That in our own fair land all this befell,
 And the name of the fiend was—DRINK!

REV. MR. M'CLELLAN.

VI.—SINGING: “Which way are you going?”—
Pure Gold, page 132.

VII.—RECITATION:

“WHO HATH WOE?”

NOTE.—This may be recited by five girls and five boys. Let each have a letter of the above question, and be so seated that they shall follow each other in proper order. The letters may be made of stiff card-board, and covered with red cambric. A white banner, with black border, should stand on the platform on which to place the letters. When the recitation is called for, let the girl having the first letter take her place on the platform and recite the first verse of the poem; then placing her letter on the banner, stand aside, and the boy having the second letter comes forward, recites the second verse of the poem, and stands on the opposite side. When the letters have all been placed on the banner let the scholars, still remaining on the platform, recite in concert the Scripture verses which follow the poem.

First Girl.—Who knoweth sorrow, *want*, and woe,
 And griefs no other heart may know?
 The drunkard.

First Boy.—Who driven by crime's dark hand, doth
 roam,
 An alien from the joys of *home*?
 The drunkard.

Second Girl.—Who with loud *oaths* doth madly call
 The curse of heaven on him to fall?
 The drunkard.

Second Boy.—Who with deep *hate* doth coldly spurn
The faithful hearts which to him turn?
The drunkard.

Third Girl.—Who heeds not sad *Affection's* cry
O'er blighted hopes, and ruin nigh?
The drunkard.

Third Boy.—Who soweth *tares* 'mong life's fair grain
And reaps their fruit of endless pain?
The drunkard.

Fourth Girl.—Who sees life's brightest *hopes* depart,
Leaving an empty, sin-curs'd heart?
The drunkard.

Fourth Boy.—Who scorneth Right? Who loveth
Wrong?
Guided by Pleasure's siren-song?
The drunkard.

Fifth Girl.—Who by Sin's cruel scourge is driv'n,
An *outcast* vile, in earth or heav'n?
The drunkard.

Fifth Boy.—Who through *Eternity's* long years,
Shall weep repentant, fruitless tears?
The drunkard.

J. E. D.

All together.—"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions? Who hath
babbling? Who hath wounds without
cause? Who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the wine. At
the last it biteth like a serpent, and
stingeth like an adder.

PROV. xxiii. 29-32.

VIII.—SINGING BY CHOIR: “Able to deliver,” from
Welcome Songs.

IX.—CLASS RECITATION:

THE DOOM OF THE DRUNKARD.

1. Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine inflame them.

2. The harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, are in their feasts.—Is. v. 11, 12.

3. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink; which justify the wicked for reward.—Is. v. 22, 23.

4. Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine.

5. The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet.—Is. xxviii. 1, 3.

X.—RECITATION BY A YOUNG MAN:

‘What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man; the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken; in himself a lazar-house of disease: dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried! Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands. Even for murder Cain was only branded on the forehead; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate the signatures of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium! How she hangs labels all over him to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example!

How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him on all fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptiles crawling! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks as with a trumpet, from every pore of his body, 'Behold a beast!'

XI.—SINGING: "There is a fountain filled with blood."—*Gospel Songs*, page 26.

XII.—RECITATION:

THE TRUE LADDIE.

Here's a laddie, bright and fair,
And his heart is free from care;
Will he ever, do you think,
Learn to smoke, and chew, and drink?
Make a furnace of his throat,
And a chimney of his nose,
In his pocket not a groat,
Elbows out and ragged toes?

Here's a laddie, full of glee,
And his step is light and free;
Will he ever, do you think,
Mad with thirst, and crazed with drink,
Stagger wildly down the street,
Wallow in the mire and sleet;
Hug the lamp-post, and declare
Snakes are writhing in his hair?

Not an ill this laddie knows,
And his breath is like the rose;

Will he ever, do you think,
 Poisoned by the cursèd drink,
 Fever burning in his veins,
 Soul and body racked with pains,
 Sink into a drunkard's grave,
 Few to pity—none to save?

No; this laddie, honor bright,
 Swears to love the true and right;
 Keep his body pure and sweet,
 For an angel's dwelling meet;
 Never, never will he sup
 Horrors from the drunkard's cup;
 Never in the "flowing bowl"
 Will he drown his angel-soul.

JULIA M. THAYER.

XIII.—SINGING: "Dare to be a Daniel."—*Gospel Songs*, page 53.

XIV.—CLASS CONCERT RECITATION:

GOD'S COMMANDS AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

1. Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess.—
 EPH. v. 18.

2. Be not among winebibbers.—PROV. xxiii. 20.

3. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
 when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth
 itself aright.—PROV. xxviii. 31.

4. My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou
 not.—PROV. i. 10.

XV.—RECITATION BY LITTLE CHILDREN IN CON-
 CERT:

TOUCH IT NOT.

Touch the goblet no more;
 It will make the heart sore
 To its very core!

Its perfume is the breath
 Of the Angel of Death,
 And the light that within it lies
 Is the flash of his evil eyes.
 Beware! O, beware!
 For sickness, sorrow, and care
 All are there! LONGFELLOW.

XVI.—SINGING: "Take the name of Jesus with
 you."—*Pure Gold*, page 13.

XVII.—CLASS RECITATION:

THE EVILS OF DRINK.

1. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.—
 PROV. xx. 1.

2. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth
 like an adder.—PROV. xxiii. 32.

3. The drunkard and the glutton shall come to
 poverty.—PROV. xxiii. 21.

4. Strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink
 it.—Is. xxiv. 9.

5. He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; he
 that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.—PROV.
 xxi. 17.

XVIII.—RECITATION BY A YOUNG LADY:

GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

Go, feel what I have felt,

Go, bear what I have borne;

Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,

And the cold, proud world's scorn.

Thus struggle on from year to year,

Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept

O'er a loved father's fall;

See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt:
Implore, beseech, and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;

Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth;

But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
 This promise to the deadly cup,
 And led her down from love and light,
 From all that made her pathway bright,
 And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
 That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
 And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
 That withering blight—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know,
 All that my soul hath felt and known;
 Then look within the wine-cup's glow,
 See if its brightness can atone.
 Think if its flavor you would try,
 If all proclaimed—'*Tis drink and die!*

Tell me I hate the bowl—
 Hate is a feeble word;
 I loathe, abhor, my very soul
 By strong disgust is stirred
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
 Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

XIX.—SINGING: "Rescue the perishing."—*Pure Gold*, page 129.

XX.—CLASS RECITATION:

NO DRUNKARD IN HEAVEN.

1. Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?

2. Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.—1 COR. vi. 9.

3. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.—REV. xxi. 27.

4. Be not deceived ; God is not mocked ; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—GAL. vi. 7.

XXI.—RECITATION:

NO DRUNKARDS THERE.

THERE is a beautiful land, we are told,
With rivers of silver and streets of gold;
Bright are the beings whose shining feet
Wander along each quiet street;
Sweet is the music that fills the air,—
But no drunkards are there.

No garrets are there, where the weary wait,
Where the room is cold and the hours are late;
No pale-faced wife, with looks of fear,
Listens for steps she dreads to hear.
The hearts are free from pain and care—
No drunkards are there.

All the long day in that beautiful land,
The clear waters ripple o'er beds of sand;
And down on the edge of the water's brink,
Those white-robed beings wander, nor shrink,
Nor fear the power of the tempter's snare,
For no wine is there.

XXII.—SINGING: "What shall the harvest be?"—
Gospel Songs, page 122.

XXIII.—CLASS RECITATION:

THE LIQUOR-SELLER'S PERIL.

1. Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.
—HAB. ii. 15.

2. Woe unto the world because of offences, but
woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.—MATT.
xxviii. 7.

3.—Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein.—PROV
xxvi. 29.

4. The wages of sin is death.—ROM. vi. 23.

XXIV.—RECITATION:

THE LAW I'D MAKE.

1. Were I one of the honored few
In halls of legislation,
I'd cause my name with praise to ring
Throughout this mighty nation,
By making one grand Temperance law,
To help my erring brother;
It should be this, and nothing more,
"No man shall treat another."
2. For *treating* is, in my belief,
The root of half the evil;
The agency that helps transform
The man into the devil;
And were this growing practice stopped,
So much in vogue already,
Just nine times out of ten, our friend
Would come home straight and steady.
3. In anything he undertakes,
If he should be defeated,
He stands the treat; but if he wins
Then he in turn is treated.
And thus it is, the whole world through
All schemes, both sure and risky,
Must end at last in one grand goal,
A glass of ale or whisky.
4. Again I say, were I but placed
In halls of legislation,
I'd make the wisest Temperance law
Made since the world's creation;

Its influence should be felt by all,
Blest by each wife and mother,
Embodied in these few short words,
"No man shall treat another."

MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

XXV.—SINGING: "Yield not to temptation."—
Gospel Songs, page 12.

XXVI.—RECITATION, OR READING:

Intemperance numbers among its victims not only the weak, the vicious, and the debased, but also many of the mightiest and best of the land. Listen to the warning which comes to us from England's gifted and genial-hearted Charles Lamb, as from the sore anguish of a stricken heart he cries out: "The waters have gone over me, but out of its black depths, could I be heard, I would call out to those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered Paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he shall feel himself going down a precipice, with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to feel that all virtue has left him; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

XXVII.—RECITATION:

SONG OF THE DRUNKARD.

A figure all dirty and ragged
Sat on a rickety chair,

As it rocked itself to and fro:

'Twas the picture of woe and despair.

It rocked, rocked, rocked

Itself on the chair to and fro,

And sang aloud, in a doleful strain,

This song of grief and woe.

Drink! drink! drink!

And destroy the vigor of youth;

Drink! drink! drink!

And blight all virtue and truth;

Better, far better 'twould be

With the *savage* and *heathen* to dwell,

Than with swillers of brandy, beer, and wine,

And sink in the *drunkard's hell*.

Oh, talk not of Hell or Death!

I fear not that phantom of bone;

His terrible shape but seems to me

A likeness of my own.

My life's but a *living death*;

Alas! I must reap what I've sown!

Oh, let me drink of the drunkard's cup!—

In hell I must wear his crown.

Drink! drink! drink!

The appetite never flags;

What are its wages? Beds of straw—

Want, penury, and rags;

A roofless house—a naked floor;

No chairs nor tables are there;—

A house that's a picture of woe and want,

With walls all blank and bare.

Ye never can drown the voice

Of conscience, if you try,

By all the rum ever yet distilled;

Nor make God's truth *a lie*.

Oh, for an hour of youth!

Ere to drink I did begin;

When I loved religion, virtue, and truth,

And hated crime and sin.

Oh, moderate drinker, beware!
 The snare of the mocker fly!
 Quick dash the poison chalice down,
 Ere the drunkard's death you die.
My fate is already sealed;
 Repentance comes too late;
Once there was time, but now, alas!
 Tears can not blot my fate.

Thus the inebriate sang,
 And rocked on his chair to and fro;
 Would that all could have heard him sing,
 And the poison cup forego!
 He gave a shriek when his song was done,
 And starting up with dread—
 Back! Back! ye fiends! he wildly cried,
 Then fell—his spirit had fled.

Oh, temperate drinker, beware!
 He that is dead, we know,
 Once felt as safe, and spoke as loud
 'Gainst intemperance as you.
 And yet—died, mad with drink.
 Oh, who may his doom foretell;—
 God give us power to banish rum,
 And save *all* from the drunkard's hell.

XXVIII.—SINGING:

TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

TUNE—*Wesley*.

Soldiers of Temperance, the warfare is raging,
 Fierce grows the battle, and bolder the foe;
 Haste to the rescue, and bravely engaging
 Strike the foul demon, Intemperance, low.

See how his victims by thousands are falling,
 Lured by the tempter, and blinded by sin;
 Hear the sad voices which ever are calling,
 Hasten to help them the victory to win.

Rouse for the conflict, O soldiers, undaunted,
 Nor longer let ours be a drink-enslaved land;
 Soon may the spoiler, so proud and so vaunted,
 Flee in dismay from our conquering band.

XXIX.—PRAYER.

J. E. D.

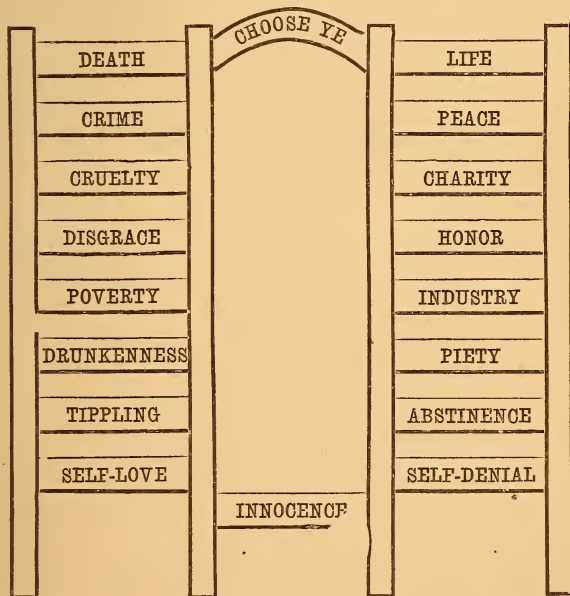
XXX.—BENEDICTION.

THE TWO WAYS.

A Temperance Concert Exercise

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, REFORM CLUBS, TEMPERANCE
ORGANIZATIONS, ETC.

~~~~~  
BY GEORGE THAYER.  
~~~~~



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1876.

THE TWO WAYS.

NOTE.—Prepare four standards and seventeen shorter pieces for bars, as in accompanying diagram. Standards to be trimmed with evergreen on the front, and hooks at regular distances on the back side, upon which to place the bars. Mottoes to be printed on cardboard and tacked on the bars. Circular motto, to be trimmed with evergreen, having handles which fit into grooves on back side of standards, and held in position by buttons.

FIRST.

Two little boys place the bar "Innocence" and repeat in concert :

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of God. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."
—MARK X. 14, 16.

'Two tender lambs, with untried feet,
Out in the fields in early morn,
Trying to climb the mountain steep
Where often older feet are torn.

'Two ways for little feet to tread—
The one leads on to want and woe ;
The other, by the Shepherd led,
To pastures green shall surely go."

Sing together : "Little hearts and little minds" ("Bright Jewels," page 11).

SECOND.

Two lads place the bars "Self-Love" and "Self-Denial" in their respective standards, and speak their parts, beginning with "Self-Love," the first speaker remaining on the platform until both have spoken. Speakers who follow proceed in same manner.

SELF-LOVE.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth ; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of

thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes : but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.”
—ECCLES. xi. 9.

“ Life is the ocean, years the tide,
That float ten thousand barks along ;
Sins are the rocks on every side
Where passion drives a current strong.

“ Pleasure, that looks so bright and fair,
Is like the shallows, set with sands ;
And many a wreck, forlorn and bare,
Lies high and dry upon those strands.”

SELF-DENIAL.

“ For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.”—TITUS ii. 11, 12.

“ Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.”—PROV. xx. 11.

“ Strait is the way, the door is strait,
That lead to joys on high ;
’Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

“ Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed and patience tried,
And vain desire subdued.”

THIRD.

TIPPLING.

“ Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.”—PROV. xxiii. 31.

“ Dash the wine-cup away ! though its sparkles should be
More bright than the gems that lie in the sea ;
For the demon, unseen by thine eye, lurketh there
Who would win thee to ruin, to woe, and despair.”

ABSTINENCE.

“ But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king’s meat, nor with the wine which he drank.”—DAN. i. 8.

“ Oh ! if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word

That I would trace, as with a pen of fire,
 Upon the unwrit tablet of a child,
 'Tis 'Temperance'—'tis abstinence entire
 From alcoholic poison."

RECITATION BY A YOUNG MAN.

"Where are you going, young man?"

Where are you going so fast, young man?
 Where are you going so fast,
 With a cup in your hand, a flush on your brow?
 Though pleasure and mirth may accompany you now,
 It tells of a sorrow to come by and by;
 It tells of a pang that is sealed with a sigh;
 It tells of a shame at last, young man—
 A withering shame that will last.

Where are you going so fast, young man?
 Where are you going so fast?
 The flush of that wine there is only a bait.
 A curse lies beneath that you'll find when too late;
 A serpent sleeps down in the depths of that cup;
 A monster is there that will swallow you up;
 A sorrow you'll find at last, young man—
 In wine there is sorrow at last.

There's a reckoning day to come, young man—
 A reckoning day to come:
 A life yet to live, and a death yet to die,
 A sad, parting tear and a parting sigh,
 A journey to take, and a famishing heart,
 A sharp pang to feel from death's chilling dart,
 A curse, if you drink that rum, young man—
 Bitterest curse in that rum.

FOURTH.

DRUNKENNESS.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROV. xx. 1.

"And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit."—EPH. v. 18.

"War its thousands slays;
 Peace its ten thousands. In the embattled plain,
 Though Death exults and claps his raven wings,
 Yet reigns he not even there as absolute,
 So merciless, as in your frantic scenes
 Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth;
 Where, in the intoxicating draught concealed,

He snares the simple youth who, naught suspecting,
Means to be blest, but finds himself undone."

PIETY.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord ; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season ; his leaf also shall not wither ; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."—Ps. i. 1, 2, 3.

"Oh ! in the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,
Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
A character engraved.
True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest ;
Oh ! then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest."

RECITATION BY A MISS.

How Jamie came Home.

"Come, mother, set the kettle on,
And put the ham and eggs to fry—
Something to eat, and make it neat,
To please our Jamie's mouth and eye ;
For Jamie is our only son, you know—
The rest have perished long ago !
He's coming from the wars to-night,
And his blue eyes will sparkle bright,
And his old smile will play right free,
His old, loved home again to see.

"I say for 't ! 'twas a cur'us thing
That Jamie was not maimed or killed !
Five were the years, with hopes and fears,
And gloomy, hapless tidings filled ;
And many a night, the past five years,
We've lain within our cottage here,
And, while the rain-storm came and went,
We've thought of Jamie in his tent,
And offered many a silent prayer
That God would keep him in his care.

- “ And he shall tell us of his fights,
 His marches, skirmishes, and all :
 Many a tale will make us pale
 And pity those who had to fall ;
 And many a tale of sportive style
 Will go, perhaps, to make us smile.
 And when his stories all are done,
 And when the evenings well are gone,
 We’ll kneel around the hearth once more,
 And thank the Lord the war is o’er.
- “ Hark ! there’s a sound ! He’s coming now !
 Hark, mother ! there’s the sound once more.
 Now on our feet, with smiles to greet,
 We’ll meet him at the opening door.
 It is a heavy tread and tone—
 Too heavy, far, for one alone ;
 Perhaps the company extends
 To some of his old army friends ;
 And who they be, and whence they came,
 Of course we’ll welcome them the same.
- “ What bear ye on your shoulders, men ?
 Is it my Jamie, stark and dead ?
 What did you say ? Once more, I pray—
 I did not gather what you said.
 What ! drunk ? You tell that lie to me ?
 What ! drunk ? O God ! it cannot be—
 It cannot be my Jamie dear
 Lying in drunken slumber here !
 It is, it is as you have said !
 Men, lay him on yon waiting bed.
- “ O mother ! take the kettle off,
 And set the ham and eggs away.
 What was my crime, and when the time,
 That I should live to see this day ?
 For all the sighs I ever drew,
 And all the grief I ever knew,
 And all the tears I ever shed
 Above our children that are dead,
 And all the cares that creased my brow
 Were naught to what comes o’er me now.
- “ I would to God that when the three
 We lost were hidden from our view,
 Jamie had died and by their side
 Had lain, all pure and spotless, too !

I would this rain might fall above
 The grave of him we joyed to love,
 Rather than hear its coming traced
 Upon this roof he has disgraced !
 But, mother, Addie, come this way,
 And let us kneel and humbly pray."

WILL M. CARLETON.

FIFTH.

POVERTY.

"Be not among winebibbers ; among riotous eaters of flesh : for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty : and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."—PROV. xxiii. 20, 21.

"He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man : he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich."—PROV. xxi. 17.

"Mid sorrow and sadness he's destined to roam,
 Forlorn and forsaken, deprived of his home.
 Intemp'rance hath robbed him of all that was dear—
 Of his home in the skies and his happiness here."

INDUSTRY.

"He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand : but the hand of the diligent maketh rich."—PROV. x. 4.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business ? he shall stand before kings ; he shall not stand before mean men."—PROV. xxii. 29.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."—ECCLES. ix. 10.

"By ready minds all work is planned ;
 By willing hands all work is wrought ;
 By loving hearts and tender words
 All grace and truth to men are taught."

RECITATION BY A LITTLE GIRL.

The Little Shoes.

Some months ago—I need not mention where—

There was a meeting in a temperance hall,
 And many a working-man assembled there.

Among them sat a man, well dressed and tall,
 Who listened anxiously to every word,

Until one near spoke to him thus :

"Come, William Turner, I have never heard
 How that you changed so much ; so tell to us

Why you gave up the public-house. Ah ! few,
 U'm sure, can tell so strange a tale as you."

Up rose William at the summons,
 Glanced confusedly round the hall,
 Cried, with voice of deep emotion,
 "The little shoes—they did it all !

"One night, on the verge of ruin,
 As I hurried from the tap,
 I beheld the landlord's baby
 Sitting in its mother's lap.

" "Look, dear father," said the mother,
 Holding forth the little feet—
 'Look, we've got new shoes for darling !
 Don't you think them nice and neat ?

"Ye may judge the thing is simple—
 Disbelieve me, if you choose—
 But, my friends, no fist e'er struck me
 Such a blow as those small shoes.

"And they forced my brain to reason :
 'What right,' said I, standing there,
 'Have I to clothe another's children,
 And to let my own go bare ?'

"It was in the depth of winter,
 Bitter was the night, and wild ;
 And outside the flaring gin-shop
 Stood my starving wife and child.

"Out I went, and clutched my baby,
 Saw its feet, so cold and blue—
 Fathers ! if the small shoes smote me,
 What did those poor, bare feet do ?

"Quick I thrust them in my bosom—
 Oh ! they were so icy chill ;
 And their coldness, like a dagger,
 Pierced me—I can feel it still.

"Of money I had but a trifle—
 Just enough to serve my stead :
 It bought shoes for little baby
 And a single loaf of bread.

"That loaf served us all the Sunday,
 And I went to work next day.
 Since that time I've been teetotal—
 That is all I've got to say."

SIXTH.

DISGRACE.

"But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way ; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink ; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment."—ISA. xxviii. 7.

"Who has filled the drunkard's grave ?

Not alone the vile and base,

But the noble, wise, and brave

Crowd that gloomy dwelling-place.

He who in the senate-hall

Held a people in his thrall,

Fascinating old and young

By the music of his tongue—

Gone, for ever gone, his might,

Power unrivalled could not save—

Eloquence, how has thy light

Set within the drunkard's grave !"

HONOR.

"Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all ; and in thine hand is power and might ; and in thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all."—1 CHRON. xxix. 12

"By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honor, and life. He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness, and honor."—PROV. xxii. 4 ; xxi. 21.

"Though lowly seem thy life, and small

The channel where thy labor ran,

If filled with work for God and man,

True honor waits the Master's call."

RECITATION BY A YOUNG MAN.

Licensed to Sell.

Ye who, regardless of your country's good,
Fill up your coffers with the price of blood,
Who pour out poison with a liberal hand,
And scatter crime and misery through the land—
Though now rejoicing in the midst of health,
In full possession of ill-gotten wealth,
Yet, a few days at most, the hour must come
When ye shall know the poison-seller's doom,

And shrink beneath it ; for upon you all
 Shall man's hot curse and Heaven's vengeance fall.
 In vain ye strive, with hypocritic tongue,
 To make mankind believe ye do no wrong.
 Ye know the fruits of your unrighteous trade ;
 Ye see the awful havoc it has made ;
 Ye pour on men *Disease*, and *Want*, and *Woe*,
 And then tell us ye wish it were not so.
 But 'tis a truth, and that ye know full well,
 That some *will drink* as long as ye *will sell*.
 But here that old excuse yet meets us still :
 " If I don't sell the poison, others will."
 Then let them sell, and you'll be none the worse ;
 They'll have the profits, and they'll have the curse.
 Bear this in mind : You have at your command
 The power to bless or power to curse the land.
 If ye will sell, intemperance still shall roll
 Her waves of bitterness o'er many a soul ;
 Still shall the wife for her lost husband mourn,
 And sigh for days that never will return ;
 Still that unwelcome sight our eyes shall greet
 Of beggared children strolling through the *street*,
 And thousands, whom our labors cannot save,
 Go trembling, reeling, tottering to the grave ;
 Still loitering round your shops the livelong day,
 Will scores of idlers pass the hours away,
 And e'en the peaceful night, for rest ordained,
 Shall with their noisy revels be profaned ;
 The poisonous cup will pass, and mirth and glee
 Gild o'er the surface of their misery ;
 Uproarious laughter fill each space between
 Harsh oaths, ungodly songs, and jests obscene ;
 And there you'll stand, amid the drunken throng,
 Laugh at the jest, and glory in the song.

Pour out your poison, till some victim dies,
 Then go and at his funeral wipe your eyes—
 Join there the mourning throng, with solemn face,
 And help to bear him to his burial-place !
 There stands the wife, with weeping children round,
 While their fast-falling tears bedew the ground :
 From many an eye the gem of pity starts,
 And many a sigh from sympathizing hearts
 Comes laboring up, and almost chokes the breath,
 While thus they gaze upon the work of Death.
 The task concludes—the relics of the dead
 Are slowly settled to their damp, cold bed.

Come, now, draw near, my money-making friend—
 You saw the *starting*, come and see the *end*.
 Look now into that open grave, and say,
 Dost feel no sorrow, no remorse, to-day ?
 Does not your answering conscience loud declare
 That your *cursed avarice* has laïd him there ?
 Now, since the earth has closed o'er his remains,
 Turn o'er your books and count your honest gains.
 How doth the account for his first week begin ?
 "September twenty-fourth, one quart of gin."
 A like amount for each succeeding day
 Tells on your book, but wears *his life* away.
 Saturday's charge makes out the account complete :
 "To cloth, five yards, to make a winding-sheet."
 There ! all stands fair, without mistake or flaw—
 How *honest* trade will thrive, upheld by law !

DR. CHARLES JEWETT.

SEVENTH.

CRUELTY.

"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink ; which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him. Therefore as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flames consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust : because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel."—ISAIAH v. 22-24.

"The cruel wrong 'strong drink' hath wrought,
 The crime, disease, and woe,
 The hearts and homes made desolate,
 What human mind can know ?
 Oh ! count them by the drops of rain
 That from the heavens pour,
 Or count them by each tiny grain
 Of sand upon the shore."

CHARITY.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. And now abideth faith, hope,

charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.”—
1 Cor. xiii. 4-7, 13.

“ Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

“ This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease ;
’Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss.”

(SINGING.)

EIGHTH.

CRIME.

“ Who hath woe ? who hath sorrow ? who hath contentions ?
who hath babbling ? who hath wounds without cause ? who
hath redness of eyes ? They that tarry long at the wine ; they
that go to seek mixed wine.”—Prov. xxiii. 29, 30.

“ Sad is the drunkard’s life ! wasting in crime,
Far from the path of life, reckless of time ;
Tears of repentant grief chill as they start—
Hardly a thought of grief wakes in this heart.”

PEACE.

“ Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed
on thee, because he trusteth in thee.”

“ Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you : not as
the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be
troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

“ Great peace have they which love thy law : and nothing
shall offend them ”

“ Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright : for the
end of that man is peace.”

“ Peace dwells in each pure heart
Which puts its trust in Heaven,
And makes its days as calm and sweet
As a cloudless summer even.”

NINTH.

(Should be an impressive speaker, and go out alone.)

DEATH.

“ Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like :
of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time

past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."—GAL. v. 21.

All inspiration combines to give fearful and impressive warning. From this very inspired Word, where God declares that no drunkard should enter the kingdom of heaven, there comes a voice from the Infinite lips, saying to you and to me and to all, "Beware! beware!" In that land where the streets are gold, and the gates are pearl, and the walls are jasper and sapphire, the finger of God has written, "No drunkard shall enter here." No drunkard shall sit down in the kingdom of heaven. I know not why it is there. It may be because he has voluntarily debased the image of God in which he was created. It may be because he has given himself up to the temptation which leads one away from that which is of good report, virtuous, and just. But, whatever may be the reason, from that book which never errs comes this warning to us: "Beware!" To you it says, "Beware!" To the moderate drinker it says, "Beware!" The man you met this afternoon, reeling in his cups on the sidewalk, the man you have seen drinking at the counter of the lowest saloon, began as you begin. Poorhouses and prisons say to you, "Beware!" They whose arms were nerved and whose forms were grace, to-day, dead from intoxication, say to you with their gloomy lesson, "Beware?" Homes once happy, now miserable, wives once joyous in the love of their husbands, now turned to hatred, while the caresses of the husband are turned to abuse, and competency to poverty, from the midst of their miseries and desolation warn you and exclaim, "Beware!"

Choose you, this day, whether you and yours will stand with us on the rock of safety, above the snares, and evil, and anguish, and misery, and woe, and desolation of the tempter; whether, defying the warnings that nature and inspiration combine to give, you will go down, down, after the first step (for it is always the first that costs), that easy descent, until at last, wretched and dishonored, having lost the respect of others and your own self-respect, you end a miserable life by a home in a tomb from which there is, if inspiration be true, no resurrection that shall take you to a better land. Does not your hope for happiness, here and hereafter, give emphasis to that one word, which embodies all I can say to you, which comes from God's own lips—"Beware!"?

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

LIFE.

"And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life ;

and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God ; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.”—1 JOHN v. 11-13.

“And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life.”—1 JOHN ii. 25.

“ Oh ! the bliss of life eternal ;
 Oh ! the long, unbroken rest,
 In the golden fields of pleasure,
 In the regions of the blest.

Singing : “ My heavenly home.”

Two young ladies raise the motto “ Choose ye,” and repeat, responsively, the following :

1st. There is a way which seemeth right unto a man ;

2d. But the end thereof are the ways of death.

1st. Enter ye in at the strait gate ;

2d. For wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.

1st. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

In concert :

“ And unto this people thou shalt say, Thus saith the Lord : Behold, I set before you the way of life, and the way of death. And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.”

Sing : “ Broad is the road that leads to death ” (by congregation).

RECITATION BY A YOUNG MAN.

Our Warfare.

Still the fight goes on ! The conflict is fearful ! The rum army destroys ; the Temperance army saves ! We have a desperate enemy to resist. It has millions of capital invested, hundreds of thousands of men enlisted—greed and still baser passions impel them onward. There are not less than three hundred thousand retail liquor-sellers, using every cunning artifice to secure customers. They are indefatigable home-missionaries of the rum power—they are priests in the church of sin. They hold protracted meetings, week after week, year after year, without cessation. They have hosts of recruiting

agents, who compel men to come in ; they push their work with ceaseless energy. Their power over their victims is wonderful ; once in their grasp, escape is the exception. Step by step they lead to certain ruin ; and those who are most certain of ruin are always the least alarmed. They fear no evil, will not believe themselves in danger, and so go blindly to destruction. Every victim becomes a decoy to others—the youth, especially, seem ambitious to be ensnared. Hence converts are easily made. Do any expect to cure this evil speedily ? It cannot be done. The war will be long and hard. The enemy has capital, greed, appetite—all the powers of depravity on his side. He concentrates every element of sin in his support ; he embodies the aggregate powers of Satan. We might as well face the fact, and know the worst. Our task is a hard one. Intemperance is a black cancer on the body of civilization ; it will cost a terrible struggle to remove it, but it must be done. The hope of the Gospel, of everything good, depends upon it. If Christianity cannot eradicate this enemy, it will strangle Christianity. It is not papacy, nor infidelity, nor worldliness that we have most to fear ; these are not the greatest enemies to religion. Intemperance is the giant foe ; it is the chief obstacle to the salvation of men. The great question now is, Who shall reign—Christ or rum ? If we are to resist sin at all, we must resist the liquor-traffic. If we are sent to save the lost, we must rescue young men from tippling habits. The whole power of the churches, the influence of the Sabbath-schools, the testimony of the pulpits, must be emphatically against every form and degree of indulgence of this character. We must increase our opposition more and more ; we should make it a leading point, so that social, commercial, and political action will be controlled by it—so that our preaching, praying, singing, talking, and voting will be full of it. The issue is radical, and requires energetic treatment. The victory of rum means return to barbarism ; its defeat means Christian civilization. We must do our duty valiantly, at whatever cost.—*Baptist Union.*

SCRIPTURE TESTIMONY.

I. SINGING.

II. PRAYER.

III. SINGING BY THE CHILDREN.

IV. CHILDREN IN CONCERT.

We're met to-night to speak about
A Temp'rance Publication,
Containing counsel wise and good,
Of value to the nation:
The Holy Bible, God's own book,
Contains in many a column
Advice and warning, and it is
The oldest Temp'rance volume.
It speaks of Nature's pure wine
In terms of admiration;
But warns us of the poisoned cup,
Which brings intoxication.
In it are punishments and woes,
Themselves to us addressing,
Strong drink is ever termed a curse;
And temperance a blessing.
It tells of learned men and good
Who in an evil hour
Forgot the warnings of the Lord,
And fell beneath its power.
These instances we give to you
In order, as we find them;
And hope that all, both old and young,
Will study well, and mind them.

Superintendent. What does the Bible tell us of the
power and character of strong drink?

NOTE.—The children will arise in pairs, according to the accompanying diagram ; the one repeating the verse, the other the Scripture text, the first speaker to remain standing until both have spoken.

1st Girl.—It is the cause of wounds and pain,
Of crimes too dark to mention ;
The source of sorrow deep and sore,
Of babbling and contention.

1st Boy.—"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?"

"They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine."—PROVERBS xxiii. 29, 30.

2d Girl.—Look not upon the sparkling wine,
To priests, by God forbidden,
Beneath its bright and luring glow
A serpent's sting is hidden.

2d Boy.—"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—PROVERBS xxiii. 31, 32.

3d Girl.—Oh, shun the treacherous, tempting wine,
All friendship's ties 'twill sever;
It blights the happiness of home,
And blasts our hopes forever.

3d Boy.—"And they have cast lots for my people; and have given a boy for a harlot, and sold a girl for wine, that they might drink."—JOEL iii. 3.

Superintendent. Give some of the commandments and warnings against intemperance.

4th Girl.—Listen to the wise man's warning,
Ye who hold positions high;
Princes, statesmen, kings, and judges,
From the tempter's presence fly.
Would you see the nation prosper?
Shun strong drink and sparkling wine.
Nought will quench the thirst like water,
Drink it always when you dine.

4th Boy.—"It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink:

"Lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted."—PROVERBS xxxi. 4, 5.

5th Girl.—Are you found among wine drinkers,
 Standing daily, glass in hand?
 Then to you applies the warning
 Given in the King's command.
 Do you sip the best "Imported,"
 Chatting gaily with a friend?
 Listen, then, for I would have you
 Bear in mind the drunkard's end.

5th Boy.—"Be not among wine bibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty."—PROVERBS xxiii. 20, 21.

6th Girl.—In the night, as in the day time,
 Let your walk consistent be.
 From all drunkenness and boasting
 Christians should be ever free.
 Paul, himself, the great Apostle,
 Warned the brethren in his time,
 And his warning still is ringing
 Through all lands, in every clime.

6th Boy.—"Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying."—ROMANS xiii. 13.

7th Girl.—Watch, and ever be found faithful;
 Let your hearts be firm and true,
 And the Master, when He cometh,
 Will with joy remember you.
 Drunkenness avoid while waiting
 For the coming of the Lord;
 Heed the timely words of warning
 Written in the sacred Word.

7th Boy.—"Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares."—LUKE xxi. 34.

8th Girl.—Set, through life, a bright example;
 Sober live, and sober die.
 Love the Lord, and not the bottle,
 On His grace for strength rely.
 Be not drunk with wine or spirits,
 From intoxication flee.

Let the Lord and His good Spirit
Find a dwelling-place in thee.

8th Boy.—"Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the spirit."—EPHESIANS v. 18.

Superintendent. What does Isaiah say of the priests and prophets in his time?

9th Girl.—We read within God's Holy Word,
That in Isaiah's day,
Through wine, the priests and prophets
erred,
And turned from God away.
Strong drink is still a dreadful snare,
So of its promises beware.

9th Boy.—"But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priests and the prophets have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment."—ISAIAH xxviii. 7.

Superintendent. What can you tell us of the woes pronounced against drunkards and drunkard makers?

10th Girl.—Awake, ye drunkards, howl and weep,
With swollen eyes and red;
Your wine is gone, cut off at last,
The prophet Joel said.

10th Boy.—"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine; for it is cut off from your mouth."—JOEL i. 5.

11th Girl.—Men of might who love strong drink,
Stay your hand awhile and think;
Hark! a voice is raised on high,
Hear ye not the prophet's cry.

11th Boy.—"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink."—ISAIAH v. 22.

12th Girl.—Drink destroys man's finer feeling,
Robs him of that nobler part;
Sends him home a drunkard reeling,
Angry, hateful, hard at heart.

Those who love the drunkard's portion,
 Seek it oft at morning light;
 Staying late till wine inflame them,
 Far into the silent night.

12th Boy.—"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!"—ISAIAH v. 11.

13th Girl.—"Tis well when rulers of the land
 Their influence combine,
 To rescue those who give themselves
 To drunkenness and wine;
 But woe to those who feast and drink,
 And never of the nation think.

13th Boy.—"Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes eat in the morning. Blessed art thou, O land, when thy king is the son of nobles, and thy princes eat in due season, for strength and not for drunkenness."—ECCLESIASTES x. 16, 17.

14th Girl.—"We read the prophet's words with awe;
 And fail to understand
 The reason why so many sell
 Strong drink on every hand.
 Who gives his neighbor wine to drink,
 Oft leads the way to ruin's brink.

14th Boy.—"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness!"—HABAKKUK ii. 15.

Superintendent. What does the prophet Jeremiah tell us of the Rechabites?

15th Girl.—"The Rechabites stood firm and true,
 The proffered wine around them;
 They would not drink, for well they knew
 The sacred vow that bound them.

15th Boy.—"Go unto the house of the Rechabites and speak unto them and bring them into the house of the Lord, into one of the chambers, and give them wine to drink. But they said, we will drink no wine; for Jonadab, the son of Rechab our father, commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons for ever."—JEREMIAH xxxv. 2, 6.

Superintendent. What command was given to Zacharias concerning John the Baptist ?

16th Girl.—He shall be great, the angel said,
The way for Christ preparing;
Strong drink he shall in nowise use,
Or ruby wine ensnaring.

16th Boy.—“For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink.”—LUKE i. 15.

Superintendent. For whom did the Lord lay down a pledge of total abstinence from wine and strong drink ?

17th Girl.—’Twas thus the Lord to Moses spake,
This vow the Nazarite shall take:
Who sets himself apart as mine,
Shall separate himself from wine.
Strong drink in nowise shall he use,
And even grapes themselves refuse.
The Nazarite shall holy be,
While separated, thus to me.

17th Boy.—“He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink, and shall drink no vinegar of wine, or vinegar of strong drink, neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes, or dried.”—NUMBERS vi. 3.

Superintendent. What does the Bible tell us of Daniel’s temperance principles ?

18th Girl.—Brave Daniel was a Temp’rance man,
The monarch’s wine refusing.
He prospered in a far-off land—
Cold water only using.

18th Boy.—“But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king’s meat, nor with the wine which he drank.”—DANIEL i. 8.

Superintendent. What is said of the drunkard’s hope of heaven ?

19th Girl.—The drunkard has no hope of heaven;
The good alone go there;

It is the dwelling place of those
Who gave themselves to prayer.

19th Boy.—“Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God.”—
COR. vi. 10.

V. SINGING BY THE CHILDREN.

TRIBUTE TO WATER.

Tune—“The Brooklet dancing through the Glen.” *

O listen to us while we sing
The praise of pure cold water;
The drink for peasant, priest, and king,
For every son and daughter.
Cold water forth from Eden came,
To bless the new creation;
Our father Adam drank the same
With joy and approbation.

Strong Samson drank no sparkling wine—
The treacherous cup refusing.
This good example take as thine—
Cold water only using.
And Samuel, the good and great,
We find a water-drinker;
We're bid intoxicants to hate,
By every honest thinker.

The Rechabites of old were true;
The proffered wine around them
They would not drink, for well they knew
The sacred vow that bound them.
And we, like they, will firmly stand—
And drain the wine-cup never.
Intem'rance driven from the land,
We'll praise the Lord forever.

VI.—RECITATION BY A BOY.

A WISE MAN'S WARNING.

Look not upon the wine when red,
Is what a wise man wisely said;

* Page 10, “Temperance Chimes.” or *Shining Shore*, Key of G.

In language clear, distinct, and plain,
Advising all men to abstain.

For it had smitten with its sting
The peasant, prophet, priest, and king;

The holy men—the good and wise—
Were fallen as a sacrifice—

Deceived, deluded by the snare,
Of which he bids us all beware,

And points us to the blood-stained shrine,
Which tells of thousands mocked by wine;

Then holds forth clearly to the light
The tempter as it sparkles bright—

Reveals it in its colors true,
And brings its treachery to view—

Beseeching all to shun the wine,
The foe of statesman and divine;

For it is fraught with grief and pain,
And thousands yearly it has slain.

The joyous youth, the blushing bride,
Have drank and cursed it ere they died.

Oh, hearken unto Israel's king,
And shun the wine-cup's bitter sting!

VII. RECITATION BY A GIRL.

WATER, SPARKLING WATER.

Water clear, and sparkling bright,
Flowing beyond measure;
Dancing in the clear sunlight—
What a glad and welcome sight
Is the liquid treasure.

Water pure, refreshing, clear,
 Friend of all creation;
 We can drink it all the year,
 Without either harm, or fear,
 To ourselves or nation.

Water never will disgrace,
 Springing from the fountain;
 Finding for itself a place,
 Blessing all the human race,
 Dashing down the mountain.

For the sake of ruby wine,
 It I ne'er will barter;
 But where'er I stop to dine
 Nature's beverage shall be mine—
 Water, sparkling water.

VIII. DIALOGUE BY TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

MOTHER'S TEACHING.

First Girl. Won't you take a little wine?

Second Girl. No, I must refuse it;
 Mother says the safest way
 Is to never use it.

First Girl. Why, it will not hurt you, Jane.

Second Girl. Ah! but it is risky;
 Oft a little wine in youth
 Leads to gin and whisky.

First Girl. Come, 'tis foolish thus to talk,
 Put away such folly;
 You will ne'er a drunkard be,
 Home-made wine is jolly.

Second Girl. Yes, but those so drunken now,
 Once had a beginning;
 'Twas the wine-cup led them on,
 On, and kept them sinning.

IX. RECITATION BY A BOY.

THE RUM-SELLING GROCER.

Not a dollar, Mr. Grocer, do you ever get from me,
While you keep your wines and liquors by the side
of rice and tea;

Not a cent for eggs and butter, though I live so very
near—

You are selling wines and brandies, bitters, bottled
ale and beer;

You are dealing out destruction, yours is not an hon-
est trade,

While you deal in liquid ruin, while your fellows you
degrade.

You may think me odd and squeamish, you may think
it very queer,

But I never spend a dollar with a man who deals in
beer.

'Neath the guise of honest business, in a strictly legal
way,

You are leading many thousands straight and hope-
lessly astray:

Yours is not the dingy grog-shop, yours is not the
filthy den,

Where the wretched drunkard guzzles 'midst a host
of sottish men.

You would scorn to sell that tippler, drunken, desti-
tute and poor,

Liquors by the glass or bottle, should he enter now
your door.

It would mar your reputation, cast a shadow o'er
your fame;

Render you less influential, bring a slur upon your
name;

Yours is deemed a higher calling, but it must not be
forgot,

You are selling, as a grocer, that which goes to make
a sot.

Yours, dear sir, the greatest error, yours the more
deluding snare;

You, a man of social standing, frequenting the house
of prayer;

Placing wines and other liquors on a footing with
your tea;
Truly, sir, appears appalling, and a mystery to me.
So I tell you, Mr. Grocer, once for all, distinct and
plain,
Rum will ever make men drunken, if from it they
don't abstain.

You may be a perfect angel, yours may be the choicest
brand
E'er imported to the nation from some far-off foreign
land;
Still, the fact is ever foremost, and the truth you
can't gainsay,
It will make men just as drunken as that sold across
the way;
You may stand behind your counter, he may stand
behind his bar,
But, when valued by the devil, you beside him stand
at par.

X. SINGING BY THE CHILDREN.

OUR BATTLE SONG.

Tune—"Hold the Fort."

Gracious Father, little children
Raise their song on high;
Asking for Thy kind protection
While the foe is nigh.

CHORUS.

I will help you, little children.
Hear the swift reply;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
We on Thee rely.

See the foe in might appearing,
Daily marching near.
Weak are we, but Christ is mighty;
Nought have we to fear.

Foul Intemp'rance soon before us
Will forever flee,

We are young, but we are faithful,
Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Raise, then, high our noble banner ;
Proudly let it wave ;
We, the helpless and the fallen,
Now go forth to save.

XI. RECITATION BY A YOUNG MAN.

THE MURDERER.

Within a prison's gloomy cell
A wretched culprit lay,
Securely bound and guarded well,
To wait the coming day.
He raised awhile his aching head,
His brow was marked with care,
And in his eyes was plainly read
The language of despair.

His evening meal untasted lay,
His mind was sore depressed,
And not a single hopeful ray
Was found within his breast.
He lay without a single friend,
Without a soul to cheer
Or bid him bravely meet the end,
Which was, alas, so near.

But in the anguish of his soul
He groaned and groaned again ;
Nor could he in the least control
The thoughts which racked his brain.
To-morrow's sun would see him die
A felon's awful death ;
Suspended by a rope on high,
To gasp and choke for breath.

Was it for such a doom, he cried,
For such a dark abyss,
I turned from virtue's paths aside,
To die a death like this ?

Did I e'er dream when I forsook
The straight and narrow way,
The one which I for pleasure took
Would lead to such a day ?

Or did my mother ever guess
Her little darling boy,
Whom she would fondle, love, and bless,
Would ever life destroy.
Thank God, within the silent tomb
She sleeps and can not see
The awful sight, the wretched doom,
Which now awaits for me.

Did I e'er dream when first I drained
The flowing goblet dry,
That I should ever thus be chained,
Or in a prison lie ?
But now, inside this gloomy cell,
It makes me mad to think
That into such a snare I fell,
Allured, betrayed, by drink.

Thus passed the long and silent night;
At morn the wardens came,
And in the gray of morning light
Called loudly on his name.
They paused awhile, but no reply,
So went straight to the bed
And there they learn'd the reason why—
The prisoner was dead.

XII. CLOSING EXERCISE.

NOTE.—This is performed by nine little girls, who each hang a letter cut from cardboard (and decorated with color or flowers) upon a board covered with cloth, in which nails have been driven just high enough for them to reach. Each little girl hangs up a letter, repeats a line, and stands under it until all are there, when they say, in concert,

GOOD NIGHT.

<i>First (with G).</i>	God, Thy blessing give to-night;
<i>Second (with O).</i>	On Thy name for help we cry;
<i>Third (with O).</i>	On Thy grace and on Thy might,
<i>Fourth (with D).</i>	Daily, we for strength rely.
<i>Fifth (with N).</i>	Never need we fret or fear,
<i>Sixth (with I).</i>	If we trust the Lord on high;
<i>Seventh (with G).</i>	God is always very near,
<i>Eighth (with H).</i>	He can hear the faintest sigh;
<i>Ninth (with T).</i>	Then, to Him let us draw nigh.
<i>All.</i>	GOOD NIGHT.

XIII. PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

CONCERT EXERCISES.

	PER DOZ
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THE TWO WINES.

I. SINGING.

II. PRAYER.

III. SINGING.

IV. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Superintendent.—How many kinds of wine are mentioned in the Scriptures?

School.—Two; fermented and unfermented.

Supt.—What is the difference between these two kinds of wine?

Sch.—The one maketh the heart glad; is the symbol of mercy and emblem of salvation—while the other is a mocker, brings woe, is a symbol of wrath, and an emblem of damnation.

Supt.—Which of the two has the curse of God resting upon it?

Sch.—The fermented.

Supt.—Does the Bible say what wine was used by Jesus at the Last Supper?

Sch.—No.

Supt.—What kind do you think it was?

Sch.—Unfermented.

Supt.—Why?

Sch.—Because it was at the time of the Feast of the Passover, when the Jews were commanded to put away all leaven, and they did not dare use any liquor that had passed through the process of fermentation.

Supt.—Any other reason?

Sch.—The word *wine* is not once used by any of the Evangelists in giving an account of the Last Supper.

Supt.—What word is employed?

Sch.—It is always called "*the fruit of the vine.*"

Supt.—Why may we not mingle with wine-bibbers?

Sch.—Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh: for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.—Prov. xxiii. 21.

Supt.—Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?—Prov. xxiii. 29.

Sch.—They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to see mixed wine.—Prov. xxiii. 30.

Supt.—How can we avoid these evils?

Sch.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.—Prov. xxiii. 31.

Supt.—What will be the result of not avoiding them?

Sch.—At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii. 32.

Supt.—What saith the Scriptures?

Sch.—"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, and continue until night till wine enflame them."—Isaiah v. 11.

Supt.—What is said about those who encourage the use of it?

Sch.—"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness."—Habakkuk ii. 15.

Supt.—What was the result of the drunkenness of a king?

Sch.—"Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. . . . In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain."—Daniel i. 30.

Supt.—How was a Nazarite bound with respect to wine?

Sch.—"When either man or woman shall separate themselves to vow a vow of a Nazarite, to separate themselves unto the Lord; He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink, and shall drink no vinegar of wine, or vinegar of strong drink, neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes or dried."—Numbers vi. 2-3.

Supt.—What was the effect of strong drink upon the priests and prophets?

Sch.—“But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priests and the prophets have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.”—Isaiah xxviii. 7.

Supt.—Give some of the warnings and commandments respecting strong drink.

Sch.—“Be not among wine-bibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.”—Proverbs xxiii. 20-21. “Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit.”—Ephesians v. 8.

V. SINGING :

WE WANT RECRUITS TO-NIGHT.

Air—“SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE.”

[If preferred, this may be recited by a boy or a girl.]

Our minds are full, our pieces ready,
 Our hearts with hope are glowing bright,
 The pray'r is made that blessings freely
 May crown the efforts made this night.
 For ravaging our dear loved land,
 The Drink King stalks with pow'r and might,
 But here the Temp'rance standard's raised,
 We want recruits to-night.

CHORUS—We want recruits to-night,
 But here the Temp'rance standard's raised,
 We want recruits to-night.

Parental hopes are crushed with sorrow,
 And filial love it blights and sears;
 Drink clothes its followers with dishonor,
 And then it triumphs o'er their fears.

Yet we will with this monster cope,
 Our war-cry, "God defend the right!"
 Come, help to crush the serpent's head,
 Come, volunteer to-night.

CHORUS—Come, help to crush, etc.

By grace you'll triumph o'er Drink's thralldom,
 And rise to manly dignity;
 Once more assert your birthright proudly,
 And even more than conquerors be.
 This vict'ry's now within your grasp,
 Henceforth your future's looming bright;
 The pen, the ink, the pledge-book's here,
 Declare your vow to-night.

CHORUS—The pen, the ink, etc.

VI. RECITATION (by a little girl):

"BROTHER, COME BACK!"

[The following lines are supposed to be spoken by an orphan sister to her only brother, who is about to leave his home for his usual midnight haunt—the gin-palace.]

Brother, you won't go out to-night?
 See, the fire burns clear and bright;
 Here are your slippers warmed for you,
 Your easy-chair, and foot-stool, too.
 The room is full of warmth and light;
 Brother, do stay at home to-night.
 I'll sing the song you loved to hear,
 And if the strain call forth a tear,
 I'll sing a lively, gladsome lay
 To chase the thoughts of gloom away.
 You do not care to hear me sing;
 Another's songs your tears can bring,
 But mine are tame, their charm has gone,
 You tell me, with a look of scorn.
 Home is not what it used to be;
 Brother, the change is not in me.
 When father died you promised me
 That you would my protector be;

That naught on earth should sever us,
Then, brother, wherefore treat me thus ?
You used to stay at home with me,
And talk so kind and tenderly ;
And when you spoke of days gone by
The tears would glisten in your eye.
Not long ago I went to view
The spot that once was dear to you,
The grave where both our parents lie ;
But now that spot you seem to fly.
Brother, do stay at home to-night ;
And while the fire is blazing bright
We'll talk about the happy years
Before our eyes were dimmed with tears ;
And while the wind is howling wild
I'll try and dream I am a child ;
I'll close my eyes and see once more
The little porch beside the door,
Where you would sit in summer time,
And read to me some careless rhyme,
And when the twilight shadows fell
I'd sing the songs you loved so well.
I see it often in my dreams ;
The hedge-rows trim, the rippling streams,
The little well beside the road,
The diamond panes that brightly glowed
At sunset, when the sky was red
And birds were flying overhead.
Oh, brother, if you'll stay with me
I'll sing the wildest melody,
I'll tune my harp afresh, and try
To raise my sweetest song on high.
Brother, my brother, turn again !
Hark to the pattering of the rain.
Oh, stay awhile, the rain may cease ;
Oh, let us have a night of peace.
Brother, my brother, pause and think
Ere you become a slave to drink.
Brother, there's death within the bowl—
Death for body, mind, and soul.
Oh, take your hand from off the door !
Brother, come back ! I'll say no more.
Brother, I've nobody left but you ;
Brother, you will not leave me, too ?

* * * * *

Was that the door? It was. He's gone,
 And I am left once more alone.
 Brother, if you can hear, come back!
 Brother, my brain is on the rack;
 For our dead mother's sake came back!

—W. A. EATON.

VII. SINGING:

CHEERFULLY! CHEERFULLY!

Air—"JOYFULLY! JOYFULLY!"

Cheerfully, cheerfully, onward we go,
 Pledged and determined to banish the foe
 Spreading destruction and woe through the land.
 Cheerfully, cheerfully strengthen our band.
 Soon shall intemperance depart from our shore,
 Soon shall it vanish, returning no more;
 Then, if we labor the conquest to gain,
 Cheerfully, cheerfully raise we the strain.

Thousands engaged in the conflict before,
 Earnestly striving our land to restore,
 Greet us with rapture, while passing along,
 Cheerfully, cheerfully swelling the song.
 Glorious victors, your shouts we shall hear,
 Echoes of triumph enchanting the ear,
 Filling with comfort the desolate home,
 Cheerfully, cheerfully onward we come.

Numbers surrounding our band may assail,
 But they shall never against us prevail,
 Bless'd be Jehovah, we march to the fight,
 Cheerfully, cheerfully with us unite.
 Bright will the morning of victory dawn,
 Drink, with its evils, forever be gone.
 Earth, like fair Eden, shall blossom again,
 Cheerfully hailing the Saviour's blest reign.

VIII. RECITATION (by a young man):

FROM SPEECH OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

Our enterprise is in advance of public sentiment, and those who carry it on are glorious iconoclasts, who are going to

break down the drunken Dagon worshiped by their fathers. Count me over the chosen heroes of this earth, and I will show you men who stood alone—ay, alone, while those they toiled, and labored, and agonized for hurled at them contumely, scorn, and contempt.

They stood alone ; they looked into the future calmly and with faith ; they saw the golden beam inclining to the side of perfect justice ; and they fought on amidst the storm of persecution. In Great Britain, they tell me when I go to see such a prison, “There is such a dungeon in which such a one was confined. Here among the ruins of an old castle we will show you where such a one had his ears cut off, and where another was murdered.” Then they will show me monuments towering up to the heavens. “There is a monument to such a one ; there is a monument to another.” And what do I find ? That the one generation persecuted and howled at these men, crying, “Crucify them ! Crucify them !” and dancing round the blazing faggots that consumed them ; and the next generation busied itself in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes, and depositing them in the golden urn of a nation’s history.

Oh, yes ! the men that fight for a great enterprise are the men that bear the brunt of the battle, and “He who seeth in secret”—seeth the desire of His children, their steady purpose, their firm self-denial—“will reward them openly,” though they may die and see no sign of the triumph of their enterprise.

Our cause is a progressive one. I read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York in 1809, and one of the by-laws stated :

“Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall take place on the Fourth of July, or any other regularly appointed military muster.”

We laugh at that now, but it was a serious matter in those days ; it was in advance of the public sentiment of the age.

The very men who adopted that principle were persecuted. They were hooted and pelted through the streets ; the doors of their houses were blackened ; their cattle mutilated. The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God has blessed them. Some are living to-day ; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard ; they lifted the first turf ; prepared the bed

in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the foundation far down beneath. By and by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with “love, truth, sympathy, and good-will to men.” Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning copestone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty. Children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet, we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet, because it is in course of erection.

Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building; but by and by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battle-fields waving with bright grain, never again to be crushed in the distillery; through vineyards, under trellised vines, the grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind; when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase; when they shall come up from the last distillery and destroy it, to the last stream of liquid death, and dry it up; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that man should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then will the copestone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will start in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. The last poor drunkard shall go into it and find a refuge there. Loud shouts of rejoicing shall be heard, and there shall be joy in heaven, when the triumphs of a great enterprise shall usher in the days of the triumphs of the cross of Christ. I believe it; on my soul, I believe it. Will you help us? That is the question. We leave it with you. Good-night.

IX. SINGING :

WE'LL NEVER BE DRUNKARDS.

Air—"BUY A BROOM."

In the ways of true Temp'rance, see children delighting,
 So joyful and happy wherever we go ;
 If firm to our purpose in which we're uniting,
 We shall never be drunkards—O never ; O no !
 O never, O never, O never, O never ;
 We shall never be drunkards—O never ; O no !

The first little drop of strong drink that is taken
 Is the first step to ruin, e'en children may know ;
 If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,
 We shall never be drunkards—O never ; O no !

Then free from the ruin strong drink would occasion,
 We'll stand by our Temp'rance wherever we go ;
 And if bad men should tempt, we'll resist their persuasion,
 And never be drunkards—O never ; O no !

X. RECITATION (by a boy) :

THE AUCTION.

Will you walk into the auction, for the sale is just begun,
 And bid and buy, my masters all, before the lots are done ?
 Such wond'rous curiosities were ne'er exposed to view,
 So, I pray you, pay attention, while I read the invent'ry
 through.

LOT I.—Some dirty, dirty dishes, which have once been edg'd
 with blue,
 But, alas ! the rims are broken, and they let the water through ;
 A broken knife, a one-pronged fork, and half a wooden spoon,
 And a little ten-cent whistle, which has never play'd a tune.

LOT II.—A crazy fiddle, without finger-board or peg,
 'Twas broken at the Fox and Goose, when Scaper broke his
 leg ;
 The fiddle-bag and fiddle-stick are with it, I declare,
 But the one is full of moth-holes, and the other has no hair.

LOT III.—An old oak table, which has once been neat and small,
But, having lost a pair of legs, it rests against the wall ;
The top is split, the drawers are gone, its leaves have dropp'd away,
And it has not felt the weight of food for six months and a day.

LOT IV.—The shadow of a chair, whose back and seat are fled—
The latter Jenny burn'd, because the former broke her head ;
And now they've tied its crazy joints with cords of hemper string,
And it creaks when it is sat upon, just like a living thing !

LOT V.—A tress of barley-straw, and two small pokes of chaff,
Which have served for bed and pillows just five years and a half ;
Two sheets of home-spun matting, of the very coarsest grain
And a piece of ragged carpeting, which was the counterpane

LOT VI.—A corner cupboard, with the things contained therein,
A spoutless teapot and a cup—both well-perfumed with gin ;
A broken bottle and a glass, a pipe without a head,
And a dirty, empty meal-bag, where two mice are lying dead.

LOT VII.—One old bottle-neck, bedaubed with grease so thick,
Which form'd, when they'd a candle, a convenient candle stick ;
Also, an old tin-kettle, without handle or a spout,
And a pan, of which a neighbor's child has drumm'd the bottom out.

LOT VIII.—A het'rogenous heap of bits of odds and ends,
Which you may purchase very cheap as presents for your friends ;
Also some locomotive rags, which move with perfect ease,
Like the little coach we read of that was drawn by little fleas

Come, walk into the auction, for my catalogue is thro',
 Yet I have just one word to say before I bid adieu ;
 These lots are all produced by Drink—which you'll do well to
 shun,
 Before your health and substance, too, are going, going—gone.

XI. RECITATION (by a boy) :

THE LITTLE PROPS.

The little props which uphold the giant, Intemperance, are those persons who take only their pint or quart a day—those persons who flatter themselves with the idea that they are possessed of too much good sense to drink to intoxication. These are the little props which uphold the breweries and distilleries of our land ; these are the men who pay their ten cents per day towards upholding the manufactories of crime, unhappy homes, paupers, rags, starving wives and children ; depraved minds, ruined constitutions, drunken pastors, fathers, and sons. These are the men to whom wine is a mocker ; these are they who tell us that total abstinence is a good thing for the drunkard, but not for them. Little do they think that already the bias of their nature is stronger than the determination of their will. These are the respectable members out of which the ranks of the drunkard are filled. Let us, as members of the temperance cause, do all in our power to remove these little props, for, each one removed, will make the giant less secure, and soon he shall fall like Dagon before the ark of God.

XII.—SINGING :

THERE IS A HAPPY TIME.

There is a happy time, not far away,
 When Temp'rance truth shall shine bright, bright as day ;
 O, then we'll sweetly sing, make the hills and valleys ring,
 Earth shall her tribute bring—God speed the day.

Come, join the Temp'rance band—come, come away ;
 Why will ye doubting stand ? why still delay ?
 O, we shall happy be, when we're from Intemp'rance free ;
 Haste ! from the danger flee ! haste, haste away !

Pledge to this glorious Cause—pledge, pledge to-day;
 Bow not to fashion's laws—break, break away!
 O, conquer while you can—be an independent man;
 Sign the teetotal plan—sign, sign to-day.

Haste, then, the happy time, not far away,
 When Temp'rance truth shall shine bright, bright as day;
 O, then we'll sweetly sing, make the hills and valleys ring,
 Earth shall her tribute bring—God speed the day.

XIII. RECITATION (by a girl or boy):

DRUNK IN THE STREET.

Drunk in the street!
 A woman arrested to-day in the city!
 Comely and young, the paper said—
 Scarcely twenty, the item read;
 A woman and wife—kind angels pity!
 Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street!
 Yes! crazy with liquor! her brain on fire!
 Reeling, plunging, and stagg'ring along—
 Singing a strain of a childish song—
 At last she stumbles and falls in the mire,
 Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street!
 What news to send the dear ones at home,
 Who're wond'ring what has detained so long
 The wife and the mother—yet thinks no wrong;
 The day is waning—night has come—
 Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street!
 Drag her away to a station bed!
 Helpless, senseless, take her away;
 Shut her up from the light of day;
 Would for the sake of her friends she were dead!
 Drunk in the street!

Draw nigh and look!
 On a couch of straw in a station cell
 Is lying a form of matchless mold!

With her hair dishevelled—so pale and cold—
 Yet tainting the air with the fumes of hell !
 Draw nigh and look !

How sad the sight !
 The sunlight streaming across the floor,
 It rouses the sleeper to life again ;
 But oh ! the anguish, the grief, the pain !
 As thoughts of the shame come crowding o'er—
 How sad the sight !

But hark ! a sound !
 The bolt flies back ; she is told to rise ;
 Her friends are waiting to take her home.
 They know it all, yet in love they come,
 But with speechless lips and tearless eyes—
 The lost one's found !

Let's reason now :
 Suppose 'twas your mother, your sister, your wife,
 Who'd stained her soul with liquid fire—
 Who'd laid her womanhood in the mire—
 Who'd barter'd away her bright young life—
 Who'd fallen low.

And then, again,
 Suppose the fiends you've licensed to sell
 Had sought to ruin a much-loved son,
 Esteemed and honored by every one,
 And were dragging him down to a drunkard's hell
 With might and main !

Would you keep still ?
 Is it nothing to you that such things be ?
 You who have little ones soon to be men
 And women, to take your place—what then ?
 Is it nothing to you if they're bond or free ?
 Have you no will ?

Work night and day !
 Nail up the bars where liquor is sold !
 Free your town from its load of death !
 Add no more to the ghastly wreath
 Of widows and orphans whose knell you've tolled !
 Work, fight, and pray.

The end will come !
 God help and strengthen us day by day,
 And nerve us all for the coming strife !
 Our foes are strong—they struggle for life—
 But God is stronger than they !
 The end will come.

—DR. E. WICKS.

XIV. RECITATION (by a boy):

NATURE'S WINE.

Nature's wine grows in the cluster,
 In the vineyards rich and high,
 Where the warm sun, full of lustre,
 Shines from out the azure sky.

Nature's wine is unfermented,
 Cased in skins of richest hue ;
 By the great Creator scented,
 Nourished by the sun and dew.

Nature's wine is found suspending
 From the boughs of stately trees ;
 Rich with juicy produce bending,
 Gently wafted by the breeze.

Nature's wine, by simply pressing,
 Yields a rich, delicious store,
 Unto all unfolds a blessing
 None have reason to deplore.

XV. SINGING:

CLOSING ODE.

Tune—"SICILIAN HYMN."

Heavenly Father, give Thy blessing,
 While we now this meeting end ;
 On our minds each truth impressing,
 That may to Thy glory tend.
 Save from all intoxication,
 From its fountain may we flee ;
 When assailed by strong temptation,
 Put our trust alone in Thee.

THE CONTRAST:

A

Temperance Concert Exercise,

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, REFORM CLUBS, TEMPERANCE
ORGANIZATIONS, ETC.

By THOS. R. THOMPSON.

I.—SINGING.

II.—PRAYER BY THE PASTOR.

III.—SINGING BY THE CHILDREN.

IV.—CONCERT EXERCISE—THE CONTRAST.

Twelve girls will arise and remain standing till
the close.

Girls repeat in concert :

Water, pure, bright, and clear,
Thou shalt be our theme;
We thy merits will declare—
Precious liquid stream!

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1st Girl.—Water is the gift of God.

2d Girl.—Water is our *natural* drink.

3d Girl.—Water, cool and clear, bubbles from the
spring.

4th Girl.—Water glistens in the dew.

5th Girl.—Water refreshes the earth in rain.

6th Girl.—Water in snowy crystals clothes the earth
with white.

7th Girl.—Water gives health.

8th Girl.—And strength.

9th Girl.—Water alone satisfies man's thirst.

10th Girl.—Water purifies.

11th Girl.—Water satisfies birds and beasts.

12th Girl.—Water does not intoxicate.

Twelve boys will arise.

Repeat in concert :

Note the contrast, if you please,

Then compare the two;

And we think you will allow

Water's best for you.

1st Boy.—Cider, wine, and the like, are *artificial*
drinks.

2d Boy.—They are the product of decay.

3d Boy.—They contain alcohol.

4th Boy.—They are intoxicating.

5th Boy.—They make criminals and paupers.

6th Boy.—They produce disease and death.

7th Boy.—Intoxicating drinks fill prisons and poor-
houses.

8th Boy.—They burden the people with taxes.

9th Boy.—They make husbands and fathers unkind
and brutal.

10th Boy.—They undermine the health.

11th Boy.—They make thousands of drunkards every year.

12th Boy.—They lead down to death and destruction.

Boys and Girls in concert :

Of all God's blessings, rich and rare,
We'll praise the one as free as air
To every son and daughter.
Eternal thanks to God we owe—
His richest gift to us below
Is pure and sparkling water.

V.—SINGING (congregation join).

VI.—RECITATION (by a very little girl).

THE LITTLE ADVOCATE.

I'm a very little tot,
Wine and beer I handle not,
Just because I think
Liquors strong
Lead to wrong.

I have joined the Temp'rance band,
And I ever mean to stand
Firmly by my pledge—
Will not you
Sign it too ?

VII.—RECITATION (for five boys).

FOR THE WANT OF EFFORT.

1st Boy.—For the want of effort,
For the want of thought,
Much of this world's evil
Heedlessly is wrought.

2d Boy.—For the want of counsel,
 For the want of care.
 Oft there goes to ruin
 What is good and fair.

3d Boy.—For the want of friendship,
 For a kindly word,
 Hosts of weakly mortals
 Needlessly have erred.

4th Boy.—For a hand to save them,
 For a pledge to sign,
 Bacchus claims the thousands
 Bowing at his shrine.

5th Boy.—For the want of warning,
 Little children stray
 From the path of Temp'rance
 Hopelessly away.

All in concert.

Who will stoop to train them?
 Who will lend a hand
 To guide the little children
 To the better land?

VIII.—DIALOGUE (for boy and girl).

A FIRM RESOLVE.

Girl.—Why do you refuse
 Cider, wine, or beer?
 Mamma says from drinks so mild
 We have naught to fear.

Boy.—What! drink the drunkard's drink?
 No, Miss, I can never!
 For I've signed the Temp'rance pledge,
 And I'll keep it ever.

Girl.—They will never do you harm,
And the pledge you've signed
You had better just forget—
Blot it from your mind.

Boy.—What! break the Temp'rance pledge?
No! not if I know it.
'Tis the safeguard of my youth—
Firm support I owe it.

Girl.—Really, Harry, 'tis too bad;
You are hard indeed;
Such a pledge as that, I'm sure,
I should never heed.

Boy.—What! break a solemn vow?
Barter health and reason?
Break the promise I have made?
No! that would be treason.

IX.—SINGING (by the children).

X.—RECITATION (by a little boy).

THE PERFECT LITTLE MAN.

Here am I, a little man,
Few may hope to beat;
Though in stature I am small
I am most complete.

Head and arms and limbs so sound,
Mouth and eyes and nose,
Saying ne'er a word about
Ten nice little toes.

Then my teeth are white as pearl;
And my pulses beat;
Full of health, I little heed
Either cold or heat.

See the width across my back?
 I am growing strong;
 And I hope some day to help
 Weaker folks along.

What a shame now, it would be,
 What a sad disgrace,
 If by drinking rum I marred
 My sweet smiling face!

Therefore, to protect myself
 From such evil ways,
 Pure cold water I will drink
 Till I end my days.

OUR TESTIMONY.

Little girl, introducing four smaller children, repeats :

Here am I, Elizabeth, Tot,
 These are some of the friends I've got :
 Pray, let me introduce to you,
 Frederick, Gilbert, Pearl, and Lou.

Tell us, Frederick, what you think
 God intended us to drink ?
 Was it red and sparkling wine,
 Shining Port, or boasted Rhine ?

Frederick.—Nature's drink,
 God, I think,
 Made for all,
 It allays
 Thirst always.

Older Scholar.—Gilbert, tell us, if you please,
 Who the drunkard always sees ?
 Who in heaven dwells on high ?
 You can tell us if you try.

Gilbert.—God knows all
We say or do.
He can read
Our motives too.

Older Scholar.—Tell us, like a dear, good girl,
What you think about it, Pearl ?
Why should we cold water use
And the sparkling wine refuse ?

Pearl.—Water blesses
And refreshes
Great and small.
Wine delighteth,
Then it biteth
Like an adder,
All.

Older Scholar.—Now, then, little patient Lou,
We, at last, have come to you ;
You have listened to the rest,
Wine or water, which is best ?

Lou.—Nature's drink
I should think
Is the best.
I abhor
Aught like wine,
And prefer
When I dine
Water bright.

All in concert.—Water bright.

XI.—CLOSING CEREMONIES.

Boys (in concert).—Good-night.

Girls (in concert).—Adieu.

Boys (in concert).—The right.

Girls (in concert).—Pursue.

SINGING.

Sparkling and bright, in its liquid light,
Is the water in our glasses;
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses.

Chorus.

Oh, then, resign your ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter,
There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,
Or sweet as the sparkling water.

Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountain flowing;
A calm delight, both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing.

Chorus.—Oh, then, resign, etc.

Sorrow has fled from the hearts that bled,
Of the weeping wife and mother;
They have given up the poison cup,
Son, husband, daughter, brother.

Chorus.—Oh, then, resign, etc.

BENEDICTION.

NEW YORK :

National Temperance Society and Publication House,
58 READE STREET.

Gospel Temperance Service.

ARRANGED BY J. KELSHAW.

DENNIS. *Key of F.*

S. M.

1. Jesus, we look to Thee,
Thy promised Presence claim ;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.
2. Thy name Salvation is,
Which here we come to prove ;
Thy name is Life, and Health, and Peace,
And Everlasting Love.

PRAYER.

SINGING.

LABAN. *Key of C.*

1. My soul, be on thy guard !
Ten thousand foes arise ;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh ! watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

PRAYER.

SINGING.

DENFIELD. *Key of E.*

C. M.

- 1 Life from the dead ! For those we plead
Fast bound in passion's chain,

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That, from their iron fetters freed,
They wake to life again.

2. Life from the dead ! Quickened by Thee,
Be all their powers inclined
To temperance, truth, and piety,
And pleasures pure, refined.

Leader.—All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

Congregation.—The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul ; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

L.—For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.

C.—Piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

L.—Moreover, by them is Thy servant warned.

C.—And in keeping of them there is great reward.

BELIEVEST THOU THIS?

SINGING.

ARLINGTON. *Key of G.*

C. I.

1. Thy law is perfect, Lord of light ;
Thy testimonies sure.
The statutes of Thy realm are right,
And Thy commandment pure.
2. By these may I be warned betimes.
Who knows the guile within ?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes ;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

L.—Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain.

C.—And every one that striveth for the mastery is temperate in *all* things.

L.—Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour.

C.—Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

L.—And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, so that day come upon you unawares.

C.—Therefore, let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober.

L.—Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of the flesh.

C.—For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.

L.—Be not drunk with wine, but filled with the spirit.

C.—The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, faith, meekness, temperance.

All.—Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.

BELIEVEST THOU THIS?

SINGING.

MARLOW. *Key of G.*

C. M.

1. What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!

How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves !

2. Stretch forth Thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain ;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.

3. The cause of temperance is Thine own ;
Our plans and efforts bless ;
We trust, O Lord, in Thee alone
To crown them with success.

L.—Even so the tongue is a little member and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth !

C.—Death and life are in the power of the tongue.

L.—Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?

C.—He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

L.—To speak evil of no man, to be no brawler, but gentle, showing all meekness unto all men.

C.—With all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love.

L.—If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.

C.—Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth ; keep the door of my lips.

L.—Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.

C.—He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down and without walls.

L.—Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile.

C.—Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

All.—To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God.

BELIEVEST THOU THIS?

SINGING.

ROCKINGHAM. *Key of G.*

L. M.

1. What ! never speak one evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind !
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find ?

2. Thy sinless mind in me reveal ;
Thy spirit's plenitude impart ;
And all my spotless life shall tell
The abundance of a loving heart.

L.—A man's pride shall bring him low.

C.—But honor shall uphold the humble in spirit.

L.—God resisteth the proud.

C.—But giveth grace to the humble.

L.—For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think ; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

C.—Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than divide the spoils with the proud.

L.—By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honor, and life.

C.—Hear ye and give ear : be not proud ; for the Lord hath spoken.

All.—These words are true and faithful.

BELIEVEST THOU THIS?

SINGING.

DUKE STREET. *Key of E flat.* *L. M.*

1. Jesus, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty;
I see Thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to Thee.

2. Save me from pride—the plague expel;
Jesus, Thine humble self impart;
O let Thy mind within me dwell;
O give me lowliness of heart.

L.—They which are gorgeously apparelled and live delicately are in kings' courts.

C.—Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.

L.—For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ.

C.—The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price.

L.—Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.

All.—All Thy commandments are truth.

BELIEVEST THOU THIS?

SINGING.

ST. MARTIN'S. *Key of G.**C. M.*

How vain are all things here below :
How false, and yet how fair ;
Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare.

PRAYER.

LUTHER. *Key of F.**S. M.*

O come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within ;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

L.—Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.

C.—Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey : whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness ?

L.—And the servant abideth not in the house forever.

C.—But the Son abideth ever.

L.—And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

C.—But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth *therein*, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.

L.—If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

C.—For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

L.—Blessed are the undefiled in the way who walk in the law of God.

C.—He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination.

SINGING.

BELMONT. *Key of G.*

8s. 7s. 4s.

1. All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !

All my being's ransomed pow'rs ;
 All my thoughts, and words, and doings,
 All my days, and all my hours.

||: All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !

All my days, and all my hours :||

2. Let my hands perform His bidding,

Let my feet run in His ways,

Let my eyes see Jesus only,

Let my lips speak forth His praise.

||: All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !

Let my lips speak forth His praise :||

L.—Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

C.—I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.

L.—Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.

C.—The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the word of our God shall stand forever.

L.—Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy ;

All.—To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever.
 Amen.

WISDOM'S WAYS.

A Temperance Concert Exercise.

BY HOPE HAZEL.

SINGING.—“Pressing On.” *Gospel Hymns*, No. 3, page 73

PRAYER.

Reading by Superintendent.

Enter ye in at the straight gate ; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat :

Because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

There is a way which seemeth right unto a man ; but the end thereof are the ways of death.—MATT. vii. 14, and PROV. xiv. 12.

Question by Superintendent.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way ?

1st *Scholar*.—By taking heed thereto according to thy word.—PSALM cxix. 9.

2d *S*.—Thy word is very pure : therefore thy servant loveth it.—PSALM cxix. 140.

3d *S*.—Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed : but he that feareth the commandment shall be rewarded.—PROV. xiii. 13.

4th *S*.—The law of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.—PROV. xiii. 14.

5th *S*.—Wisdom is the principal thing ; therefore get wisdom ; and with all thy getting, get understanding.—PROV. iv. 7.

6th *S*.—Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour.—PROV. iii. 16.

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7th S.—My son, let them not depart from thine eyes keep sound wisdom and discretion :

Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble.—PROV. iii. 21, 23.

8th S.—My son, be wise and make my heart glad, that I may answer him that reproacheth me.—PROV. xxvii. 11.

9th S.—A wise son maketh a glad father : but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.—PROV. x. 7.

10th S.—Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings, and the years of thy life shall be many.

I have taught thee in the way of wisdom : I have led thee in right paths.—PROV. vii. 10, 11.

11th S.—For the commandment is a lamp ; and the law is light ; and the reproofs of instruction are the way of life.—PROV. vi. 23.

12th S.—My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways.—PROV. xxiii. 26.

CLASS EXERCISE.

CLASS NO. I.—QUESTION BY SUPERINTENDENT.

Whence then cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding?—JOB xxviii. 20.

Ans. 1st Scholar.—God understandeth the way thereof, and he understandeth the place thereof.

And to many he said, Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom ; and to depart from evil is understanding.—JOB xxviii. 20, 23, 28.

2d S.—Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you ? let him shew out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom.—JAMES iii. 13.

3d S.—He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good ; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God ? —MICAH vi. 8.

4th S.—He that winneth souls is wise.—PROV. xi. 30.

5th S.—The wisdom that cometh from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated,

full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.—JAMES iii. 17.

6th S.—For he that in these things sheweth Christ, is acceptable to God, and approved of man.—ROM. xiv. 18.

7th S.—For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the tables of thine heart. So shalt thou find favour and a good understanding in the sight of God and man.—PROV. iii. 2-5.

SINGING.—“To The Work.” *Gospel Hymns*, No. 2, p. 12.

Recitation (by a youth).

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

“It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor,
Whether they shrank from the world's cold scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, plain as I can,
It matters much.

“It matters little where be my grave,
If on the land or in the sea;
By purling brook, or 'neath stormy wave;
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with a loving touch,
As one who shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much.”

Recitation.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things
If we had but a day,
We should drink alone at the purest spring
On our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour
If our hours were few;
We should rest not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.

We should bind our stubborn and wanton wills
 To the clearest light,
 We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
 If they lay in sight;
 We should trample the pride and the discontent
 Beneath our feet;
 We should take whatever a good God sent
 With a trust complete.

We should waste no moment in weak regret
 If the day were but one;
 If what we remember and what we forget
 Went out with the sun,
 We should be from our clamorous cares set free
 To work or to pray,
 And to be what our Father would have us to be
 If we had but a day. M. L. DICKERSON.

CLASS EXERCISE.

(Recitation for Seven Children).

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

1st Voice.

Beautiful faces are those that wear,
 It matters little if dark or fair,
 Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Walk honestly toward them that are without, that ye
 may have lack of nothing.—1 THESS. iv. 12.

2d V.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
 Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
 Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Search me O God, and know my heart, try me and
 know my thoughts.—PSALM cxxxix. 29.

3d V.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
 Leap from the heart like song of birds,
 Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures
 of silver.—PROV. xxv. 11.

4th V.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is honest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—ECCL. ix. 10.

5th V.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro,
Down lowest ways, if God wills it so.

How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.—ISA. lii. 7.

6th V.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

He that had received the five talents came and brought other five talents saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold I have gained beside them five talents more.—MATT. xxv. 20.

7th V.

Beautiful lives are those that bless
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountain none may guess.

Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing.—LUKE xii. 73.

CLASS NO. 3.—QUES. BY SUP'T.:

What is the *work* of the servant of the Lord?

1st Scholar.—Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately.

Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to

meat, and will come forth and serve them.—LUKE xii. 35-37.

2*d* S.—But if that servant shall say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to beat the men-servants, and the maidens, and to eat and drink and to be drunken; the lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour when he is not aware, and will cut him in sunder, and appoint him his portion with the unbelievers.—LUKE xii. 13, 14.

3*d* S.—Therefore let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober.

For they that sleep sleep, in the night; and they that be drunken are drunken in the night.

But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breast-plate of faith and love; and for a helmet the hope of salvation.—I THESS. v. 6, 7, 8.

4*th* S.—Every one that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.—I COR. ix. 25.

5*th* S.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—PROV. xx. 1.

6*th* S.—Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is.

And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—EPH. v. 17.

7*th* S.—Therefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of the Lord Jesus.—I PETER i. 13.

8*th* S.—This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works.

These things are good and profitable unto men.—TITUS iii. 8.

9*th* S.—In all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine shewing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity.—TITUS ii. 7.

10th S.—For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men.

Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world,

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.
—TITUS ii. 12, 13.

Superintendent reads :

Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak : for your work shall be rewarded.—2 CHRON. xv. 7.

What is that Reward ?

CLASS NO. 4.

1st Scholar.—The wise shall inherit glory.—PROV. iii. 35.

2d S.—To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.—REV. ii. 7.

3d S.—And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations.—REV. ii. 25.

4th S.—Blessed is the man that endureth temptation ; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.—JAMES i. 12.

5th S.—For thou hast made him most blessed forever ; thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance.—PSALM xxi. 6.

6th S.—For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness ; thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head.—PSALM xxi. 3.

7th S.—He that overcometh shall inherit all things ; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.—REV. xxi. 7.

8th S.—And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.—REV. xxi. 27.

Closing Recitation (by a Child).

NO DRUNKARD IS THERE.

“There is a beautiful land we are told,
With rivers of silver and streets of gold;
Bright are the beings whose shining feet
Wander along each quiet street:
Sweet is the music that fills the air;
But no drunkard is there.

“No garrets are there where the weary wait,
Where the room is cold, and the hours are late;
No pale-faced wife with looks of fear,
Listens for steps that she dreads to hear.
All hearts are free from pain and care;
No drunkards are there.

“All the day long, in that beautiful land,
The clear waters ripple o'er beds of sand;
And down on the edge of the water's brink,
Those white-robed beings wander nor shrink,
Nor fear the power of the tempter's snare,
For no wine is there.”

SINGING.—“The Palace of the King.” *Gospel Hymns*, No. 2, p. 93.

BENEDICTION.

SOWING AND REAPING.

A Temperance Concert Exercise.

By HOPE HAZEL.

[NOTE.—This Exercise may be rendered pretty and appropriate for autumn by church-decorations of bright leaves, flowers, grain, and some of the smaller fruits].

THE EXERCISE.

SINGING. — “One More Day’s Work.” *Gospel Hymns*, No. 1, page 29.

PRAYER.

Question by Superintendent.

What words of the Bible speak to us plainly of our life-work and its reward?

Answer by School.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.
—GAL. vi. 7.

RESPONSIVE READING BY SUPERINTENDENT AND SCHOOL.—MATT. xiii. 27-31.

Question by Superintendent.

What is the good seed?

1st Scholar.—That which is sown by the Spirit.

Superintendent.

What is the fruit of the Spirit?

2d S.—The fruit of the Spirit is Love.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—ROM. xiii. 10.

3d S.—The fruit of the Spirit is Joy.

Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy pres-

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ence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.—PSALM xvi. 11.

4th S.—The fruit of the Spirit is Peace.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—PHIL. iv. 7.

5th S.—The fruit of the Spirit is Long-suffering.

Be patient, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord.

Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the later rain.—JAMES v. 7.

6th S.—The fruit of the Spirit is Gentleness.

Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation, and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.—PSALM xviii. 35.

7th S.—The fruit of the Spirit is Goodness.

That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being faithful in every good word and work, and increasing in the knowledge of God.—COL. i. 10.

8th S.—The fruit of the Spirit is Faith.

Jesus answering, said unto them, Have faith in God.—MARK xi. 22.

9th S.—The fruit of the Spirit is Meekness.

. . . . Shewing all meekness to all men.—TITUS iii. 2.

10th S.—The fruit of the Spirit is Temperance.

Every one that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.—1 COR. ix. 25.

11th S.—Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples.—JOHN xv. 8.

12th S.—Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true—whatsoever things are honest—whatsoever things are just—whatsoever things are pure—whatsoever things are lovely—whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, and if there be praise, think on these things.—PHIL. iv. 8.

SINGING.—“What Shall the Harvest Be.” *Gospel Hymns*, No. 1, page 76 (first verse only).

CLASS EXERCISE.

(*When the singing ceases, Sunday-school scholars recite*).

1st S.—He that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.—GAL. vi. 8.

2d S.—And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.—GAL. vi. 9.

3d S.—They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—PSALM cxxvi. 5, 6.

4th S.—Sow to yourselves in righteousness; reap in mercy.—HOSEA x. 12.

5th S.—He which soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully.—2 COR. ix. 6.

6th S.—He that reapeth, receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.—JOHN iv. 36.

7th S.—The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life.
 . . . —PROV. xi. 30.

8th S.—Sow the fields and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase.—PSALM cvii. 37.

Reading by Superintendent.

. . . The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field; but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.—MATT. xiii. 24-26.

SINGING.—“What Shall the Harvest Be.” *Gospel Hymns*, No. 1, page 76, verse 3d.

Question by Superintendent, of Class No. 2.

What are the tares which the enemy soweth?

1st S.—Disobedience is a tare.

He that refuseth instruction, despiseth his own soul.—PROV. xv. 32.

2d S.—Idleness is a tare.

Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knowest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strewed. Take therefore the talent from him, and give it to him that hath ten talents.—MATT. xxv. 26–28.

3d S.—Pride is a tare.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.—PROV. xvi. 18.

4th S.—Drunkenness is a tare.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—PROV. xx. 1.

Question by Superintendent, of Class No. 3.

What are some of the impressive warnings of the Bible against this worst of tares—drunkenness?

1st S.—Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night till wine inflame them.—ISA. v. 11.

2d S.—Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.—ISA. v. 22.

3d S.—Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—EPH. v. 18.

4th S.—He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.—PROV. xxi. 17.

5th S.—Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek the mixed wine.—PROV. xxiii. 29, 30.

6th S.—Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—PROV. xxiii. 31, 32.

7th S.—Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God.—I COR. vi. 10.

Recitation:

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe,
It's the law of our being, we reap what we sow.

We may try to evade it—may do what we will,
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chemist be sure,
And detects in a moment the base or the pure.
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,
But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

Are you wearied and worn in this hard earthly strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
Remember this great truth has often been proved—
We must be lovable, if we would be loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the waters comes back.
This law was enacted by Heaven above—
That like attracts like, and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone;
In our gardens are flowers from every zone;
But the beautiful graces that blossom within
Grow shriveled and dry in the upas of sin.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold,
Till health becomes broken and youth becomes old.
Ah! did we the same for the beautiful Love,
Our lives might be music for angels above.

"We reap what we sow," O wonderful truth!
A truth hard to learn in the day of our youth.
But at last it stands out like the "hand on the wall,"
For the world has its debt and its credit for all.

Recitation:

THE SOWERS.

Beneath a blue unclouded sky,
Among rejoicing flowers,
The reaper's pleasant work will lie
Through clear autumnal hours.

Beneath a colder, gloomier heaven
The precious seed we strew,
When golden days are rarely given
And flowers are pale and few.

What though the skies are pale and dim,
 Bitter the eastern wind—
 Should we grow faint to follow Him
 Who came our souls to win?

They do but follow Christ afar
 Who most are faithful found,
 Where flesh and spirit wasted are
 To till the thankless ground.

Through summer's heat and winter's cold
 Dark nights, and troubled days,
 They grow not faint, who strive for gold—
 Who seek for earthly praise.

Arise, arise, O child of light!
 And strive as those have striven,
 If thou wouldst see the harvest bright
 From the fair walls of Heaven.

Though none may see the waving ears
 Till thou art silent clay,
 Thou shalt behold—and not through tears—
 The golden-harvest day.

Recitation :

THE TWO HARVESTS.

The wheat stands thick on many a northern field,
 On miles of prairie gleams the abundant maize;
 And for the stores that farm and orchard yield,
 We pay to God our due of thanks and praise.

We sow the seed, that straightway seems to sleep.
 Then comes the sun, the frost, the wind, and rain;
 And, when the appointed season comes, we reap,
 With thankful hearts, the increase of our gain.

We plant, we water—man can do no more.
 The change begins from where our labors end.
 Our toil would leave us where we were before,
 Save for the aid of God, who is our Friend.

There's not the smallest blade of grass or corn
 Would bud or blossom for our best endeavor.
 Without our knowledge or our help they are born—
 And so it shall be on this earth forever.

The ways of God we see, but where they lead
 We can not trace the working of His plan.
 And as He rears the flower that decks the mead,
 So deals He with His noblest creature—man.

Faith, therefore, shall our restlessness confine ;
 Patience shall bear the storms that round us roll.
 In heaven we yet shall learn God's full design,
 And thank Him for the harvest of the soul.
 MACDONALD.

SINGING.—“ Ho, Reapers of Life's Harvest.” *Gospel Hymns*, No. 2, page 17.

CLASS NO. 4.

[NOTE.—This is designed for a class of four young ladies, each of whom should carry a bouquet of autumn leaves, flowers, or grain].

GATHER THE HARVEST.

1st Voice.

Gather the harvest in !
 The fields are white, and long ago ye heard,
 Ringing across the world, the Master's word—
 Leave not such fruitage to the soul of sin ;
 Gather the harvest in !

Say not ye, there are yet four months, and then
 cometh the harvest. Behold, I say unto you, Lift
 up your eyes and look upon the fields ; for they are
 white already unto the harvest.—JOHN iv. 35.

2d Voice.

Gather the harvest in !
 Souls dying and yet deathless o'er the lands—
 East, West, North, South, lie ready to your hands.
 Long since the king of evil did his work begin.
 Gather the harvest in !

The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.—LUKE x. 2.

3d Voice.

Gather the harvest in!
Ye know ye live not to yourselves nor die.
Then let not this bright hour of work go by,
To all who *know*, and *do not*, there is sin.
Gather the harvest in!

And that servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes.—LUKE xii. 47.

4th Voice.

Gather the harvest in!
Soon shall the mighty Master summon home
For feast the reapers. Think you they shall come
Whose sickles gleam not, and whose sheaves are
thin?
Gather the harvest in!

For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath.—MATT. xxv. 29.

SINGING.—“Waiting and Watching.” *Gospel Hymns*, No. 2, page 95.

BENEDICTION.

FIGHTING AGAINST RUM AND TOBACCO.

By MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

CHARACTERS:

DOLLY, ALICE, MAUD, FOSTER, GUY, HENRY.

[Dolly, Alice, and Maud consult together in regard to a new visitor].

Dolly.—I am just as sorry as I can be about Henry. I wish he had stayed at home. I don't want any such boy 'round. He will just spoil all our good times. He isn't a bit nice. He smokes, and—

Alice.—Smokes! Such a boy as he smoke! Why, he is no older than Guy, and he wouldn't think of smoking. Father wouldn't allow that.

Maud.—I guess he wouldn't. We girls would send him to Coventry, and keep him there.

Dolly.—I wish we could send Henry there. But you see he has come here to spend his vacation, the same as you and Guy have, and he is our cousin, too.

Maud.—I know it, but I just wish we weren't a bit related. I think boys ought to be just as nice and clean as girls.

Dolly.—So do I, and Foster wouldn't do anything bad any sooner than I would.

Alice.—He and Guy are all right. They are real nice boys, and they aren't molly-coddles either

But Henry has just as good a right here as Maud and Guy and I have; and, besides, as he is our cousin, we ought to try to make him better. Three girls ought to influence one boy.

Dolly.—So I think; but I don't know why boys shouldn't look out for themselves. Why shouldn't they, the same as girls? Folks are always talking and writing about women and girls influencing men and boys to keep sober and not learn bad habits. Now, I want to know why men and boys shouldn't help women and girls to be good? When I grow up, I mean to try and find out about it.

Alice.—Then you tell us. I can't think of any reason, unless it is that boys are made up worse to begin with. But some girls smoke. They smoke cigarettes.

Dolly.—What are cigarettes?

Alice.—Fine tobacco rolled in paper.

Maud.—They are little cigars, not so strong as the large ones men and boys smoke, but they are made of tobacco, as Alice says. I have seen girls smoking them.

Dolly.—Why, I think that is dreadful. I shouldn't like girls that would do that. But then it isn't anywhere near as bad to smoke as it is to drink.

Alice.—Of course it isn't, but father says a man or boy who uses tobacco is more likely to drink liquor, than he would be if he *didn't* use tobacco.

Dolly.—My father says so too, and —and I am afraid Cousin Henry drinks liquor sometimes. He has some bad boys 'round him at home; though likely he is as bad as any of them. Uncle Harley wanted to have him come here where he would be under good influences; and I suppose father thought there wasn't any danger of his making Guy and Foster bad.

Alice.—I don't believe there is. They don't like Henry well enough to be led 'round by him. But

can't we do something, so there won't be so much drinking? I know we are only girls, but it seems as though we might begin by doing a little, and then do more and more as we grow older. Each of us can be a teetotaler herself, and it seems as though each one of us might influence one more. That would make six all right; and then if the influence kept extending, by and by there would be thousands and millions.

Dolly.—Yes, and we should be like the little rain-drops, or the pebble thrown into a pond of water. We might start the shower that others would finish, or make the first little circle that would keep on growing larger till it touched the very edge of the pond.

Maud.—We might start a society.

[Foster and Guy now join the girls].

Foster.—What kind of a society might you start?

Maud.—An anti-smoking, anti-drinking, and anti-swearing society. Will you join it?

Foster.—Yes, I am ready to join just as many such societies as you want me to. One promise is as good as a dozen, and a dozen as good as one. I don't need any promises either. How is it with you, Guy?

Guy.—Oh, I do as father does! join all the temperance societies that come in my way. Are you going to be president, Dolly?

Dolly.—Our society won't need any officers. We are, all of us, going to do all we can. Where is Henry? I thought he was with you.

Guy.—He has better company than two molly-coddles.

Maud.—Did he call you and Foster molly-coddles?

Guy.—Yes; but that didn't hurt us.

Maud.—Didn't it make you angry, Cousin Foster?

Foster.—No. Why should it? After calling us

molly-coddles, he said we were just fit to play with a lot of girls, and I think that is a compliment.

Maud.—I am glad you think so. But where is Henry now?

Foster.—Down by the brook, I reckon; though he won't stay there very long. He says this is the loneliest place he ever saw, and he shall write to his father that he can't stay here.

Dolly.—I hope he will; and I wish Uncle Harley would take him right away. He is going to spoil all our good times. I wonder what he expects to be when he grows up.

Guy.—He won't grow up very high, if he keeps on the way he has begun. He is a pretty small specimen anyway.

Maud.—Yes, and awful homely. I shouldn't think he could be our cousin, and be so homely. [*All laugh*]. Well, I shouldn't. Foster and Guy are real nice-looking, but Henry—

Dolly.—I don't know as boys are any more to blame for their looks than girls. They look as they were made.

Guy.—Not always, Cousin Dolly, The Lord never makes anybody look cross and ugly. The disposition does that; and if any boy smokes and chews tobacco till his skin is yellow, and his eyes sleepy, and his mouth filthy, he is to blame for his disagreeable looks.

Dolly.—Of course he is. I didn't think of that part of it. Grandma used to say, "Handsome is that handsome does;" and I know some homely girls that are real pretty; they are so good and pleasant.

Maud.—Perhaps Cousin Henry would look better if he behaved as he ought to. I suppose Uncle Harley feels real bad about him.

Foster.—I guess he does. I heard him tell father he would rather see Henry in a coffin, than to see him as he is sometimes.

Maud.—How dreadful to feel like that! How can a boy do so! And Uncle Harley is real good, too, only he has been so busy he hasn't looked out for Henry as he ought to. And auntie dead, too! How sorry he must be! Oh, dear! I wish somebody could—

Guy.—Could what?

Maud.—Make everything right. It is bad enough to smoke, but it is a thousand times worse to drink liquor. I think that is the very worst thing in the world. Don't *you* think so, Foster?

Foster.—I do. It is a waste of time and money; and then, when a man has been drinking, he is ready to do the very worst things possible. We are none too good, anyway. We need to be made better instead of worse.

[*Henry is now seen coming toward them with down-cast eyes and sullen face*].

Henry.—I think I have been sufficiently discussed for once. I am *awful* homely, and *awful* wicked, am I, Maud?

Maud.—Yes, you are. Don't you disobey your father every single day you live? Didn't you bring your old pipe here without his knowing it? and haven't you been smoking, when you know uncle and aunt don't want you to do it? They would tell you not to, if they thought you would do such a thing here. Of course they would; and I should like to know if you don't drink liquor sometimes?

Henry.—What if I do! It is nobody's business but my own. Father smokes sometimes.

Maud.—He don't drink liquor, does he?

Henry.—No; but a good many church-members do; and that is *their* business, not mine. I believe in everybody doing as they are a mind to.

Maud.—And saying what they are a mind to?

Henry.—It is none of my business what other people say and do. If you want to smoke and drink liquor, I don't care.

Dolly.—And you don't think it is any of our business if you do?

Henry.—No, I don't. It needn't trouble you.

Dolly.—But it does. You smell of tobacco; and we don't like it. Then you are our cousin, and it makes us sorry to have you a drunkard. If there wasn't anybody else in the world, it wouldn't be anybody's business but your own and God's what you do. But we are all here together. Now, won't you join our society?

Henry.—No, I won't. I won't join anything that looks like a temperance society. The other members would all be looking after me and meddling with my business. I am going to do as I please, and I don't care whether you like me or not. I've had preaching enough.

Dolly.—You'll be obliged to care about *something*, Cousin Henry.

Henry.—I should like to know what.

Dolly.—About what God says, and what He will do, to punish you for your wickedness. Your mother was a good woman, wasn't she?

Henry (after some hesitation).—Yes, she was. She was as good as anybody's mother.

Dolly.—And how do you think she would feel if she should see you drinking a glass of liquor? Let us all sit down here and talk it over.

Henry.—I don't want to sit down; and you don't want such a homely fellow as I am to stay with you a great while. I know just what I am, better than you can tell me.

Maud.—And don't you sometimes wish you was different, Cousin Henry? I needn't have said what I did about you, and I'm sorry I did.

Henry.—It was true. Don't you suppose I know all about it, and don't you suppose I should like to be nice-looking? If my mother had lived I should be different. I know how I seem to you, and I meant to keep up my independence, but I can't. It would have killed my mother to know what I have done and there are a good many mothers with boys no better than I am. I didn't want to come here. I knew you wouldn't like me. I knew what Guy and Foster are. Father told me, and—and—

Guy.—We are not bad fellows, if we are molly-cod dles.

Henry.—Don't say that; I was ashamed of it the minute I called you so. I hope you won't lay it up against me.

Foster.—Of course we won't. We won't lay up anything against you except good-will. We are none of us any better than we ought to be; but we do hate tobacco and liquor.

Henry.—You haven't half as much reason to hate it as I have. There are lots of fellows, too, that hate smoking and drinking, and they keep right on, too.

Alice.—What makes them?

Henry.—Because somebody older than they are has got them in leading-strings. The temperance folks don't work so hard for recruits, as those that work against them. The cold-water boys and girls don't say much about it; but the boys and men that drink liquor are always beating up recruits for their army.

Maud.—We are beating up recruits for *our* army. You said once you wouldn't join us, but—

Henry.—I will. I will bury my old pipe, and not look in a glass for three months. Then I will look and see if the marks of my folly have gone. You don't know much about it here in the country; but I can tell you there is an army of boys going to destruction, because nobody tries to make them do any

better. It will be hard work for me to stick to my text when I go back home.

Dolly.—You can stay here, and help us with our society. We three girls thought we would try to make a teetotaler of you, but we expected it would take a good while longer.

Henry.—It would if you hadn't talked about my mother. And then I knew all the time how mean I was; and I had to talk ugly to keep my courage up. I tell you there are a good many boys you would think were all bad, who wish they had never seen a drop of liquor in their lives. I am going to join your society and try to do right. I am going to work, too, drumming up recruits. That is the way to do.

Alice.—So it is, Cousin Henry; and we will all see what we can do. If it is only a little, every little helps. We are going to fight against rum and tobacco.

Dolly.—Six of us! and who knows how much good we can do!

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COUNTING THE COST.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

CHARACTERS:

JOE LUFKIN, HAL JAQUITH, SIM GRAVES,
RUSS WILSON.

Joe Lufkin calls to Hal Jaquith, who is a little in advance of him, and, at the call, Hal turns.

JOE.—Hallo, Hal! have you seen Sim Graves since he came back from his uncle's?

HAL.—Only a minute; I met him on the street, but he seemed to be in such a hurry I did not stop.

JOE.—If you had, likely he'd preached you a sermon; he has got the most notions in his head of any fellow I know of.

HAL.—What kind of notions?

JOE.—Oh! about a good many things. You know his uncle is great on reform.

HAL.—No; I don't know anything about his uncle, but I know Sim's head is generally level.

JOE.—I used to think so; but, you see, his uncle runs a big temperance society, with pledges and badges, and all that kind of nonsense. He is rich,

and has a good many men working for him, but he won't hire a man that drinks even a glass of beer. Now I should like to know what right he has to say what a man sha'n't drink.

Hal.—He has a right to say what men he sha'n't hire. Better do that than pay them out of a beer-shop, and encourage them to drink all they will, as one man in our town does. I guess Sim's uncle is a sensible man. I wish we had a dozen or two like him in our neighbourhood.

Joe.—We are likely to have one; Sim is converted, and, like all new converts, he is zealous. I asked him to go into Slack's and take a glass of beer with me, and he said he wouldn't do it for all the money there is in town. He talked, too, about counting the cost, and I told him I didn't treat anybody and then expect him to pay the bill.

Hal.—It wouldn't have cost him money, but it might have cost him a headache.

Joe.—Pshaw ! Beer never makes anybody's headache. It is a good, healthy drink, and I like it. I am going to drink it, to.

Hal.—Have you counted the cost ?

Joe.—No ; thank fortune, my father gives me pocket-money enough, so I can afford to spend it without counting the cost of a few glasses of beer.

Hal.—But you don't want to pay for them twice over, do you ?

Joe.—Of course I don't ; I don't intend to either. But there comes Sim. Let's have some fun with him. [*Sim appears on the stage.*] How are you, old fellow ? Glad to see you. We were just talking about the cost of drinking beer. You believe in counting the cost.

Sim.—Of course I do ; and I have found out that drinking beer costs a good deal more than I can afford to pay.

Joe.—Has your father failed ?

Sim. —Not a bit of it. But my capital of common-sense has increased, and I have learned a new rule in arithmetic.

Joe.—What is it ? Compound interest with an infinite series of progression ?

Sim.—Exactly that, with the series both ascending and descending ; *ascending* for the brewer and beer-seller ; *descending* for the beer-drinker. Profits are *in* for one, and *out* for the other.

Hal.—How do you make it ?

Sim.—I don't make it. I neither make beer, sell it, or drink it.

Hal.—Well, tell us all about it. There has a change come over the spirit of your dream.

[*Russ Wilson now appears upon the scene in time to hear Hal's remark.*]

Russ.—I thought Sim had changed, and, old fellow, I want to know all about it. I hope you don't feel set up by your visit to your rich uncle.

Joe.—That isn't the trouble with him. He is counting the cost, and that is sometimes serious business

Russ.—It is, especially when you are short of money. I saw old Beers counting out the price of a glass of whisky this morning, and he looked as though he was giving up his last friend. I don't believe he had a penny left. What a miserable wretch he is !

Sim.—And all his wretchedness and poverty he has brought upon himself. He has swallowed a comfort-

able fortune, and has nothing but the poor-house before him.

Hal.—That is so; and people say he killed his wife and little girl. He didn't cut their throats, but he neglected and abused them until he broke their hearts. He spent his money in Houston's rum-shop and let them go cold and hungry. Old Beers' drunkenness has actually cost him a good home and a good living, besides his wife and daughter. He traded them all off for a red face, trembling hands, rags, dirt, and a bed in the poor-house to die on. Pretty big price to pay for what a man don't really need, and I don't believe he could afford it. Do you ?

Joe.—Of course I don't. But that hasn't anything to do with drinking a glass of beer occasionally. Doctors recommend it for sick people, so of course it is all right.

Sim.—All doctors don't. Dr. Graham never orders it. He don't believe in it.

Joe.—What if he don't ? Dr. Weston has had fifty times as much experience, and he *always* prescribes beer, or ale, or whisky, or wine, or some other kind of liquor when people are ailing.

Sim.—Yes, that's true, every time. But father says he has made almost as many drunkards as Houston has.

Joe.—That is too severe on the old doctor. There is no use in condemning every kind of liquor except cold water, because somebody gets drunk. If one man is fool enough to spend everything for liquor, that's no reason why another man should die of thirst. We believe in moderation at our house.

Sim.—Have you counted the cost ?

Joe.—All I intend to. When you have carried your series far enough to suit you, and calculated its approximate value, just let me know. Until then, I decline counting the cost of a glass of beer.

Russ.—You won't be likely to convert Joe as long as his father drinks wine, and insists that moderation is more sensible than total abstinence. I suppose Mr. Lufkin can afford to drink wine, and Joe can afford to drink beer ; but poor boys, like Hal and me, must be satisfied with cold water. So I will make a virtue of necessity and go in for total abstinence from all which can intoxicate. What do you say, Hal ?

Hal.—I was thinking.

Sim.—Counting the cost ?

Hal.—Yes, I was counting the cost of Mr. Lufkin's wine-drinking. You know Joe's half-brother is a drunkard, so bad his father won't have him at home, and every body says he was brought up to it.

Sim.—Yes, and I have heard my mother say, that whenever he tried to reform, his father would ridicule him for being so weak that he couldn't drink a glass of wine without keeping on until he was drunk. So Mr. Lufkin has been to blame in more ways than one.

Hal.—I hope somebody will take the poor fellow up and help him along.

Sim.—Somebody *has* taken him up, and if you can keep a secret I will tell you all about him ; I don't suppose it can be kept a great while, but I prefer the revelation should come from some one beside me.

Hal.—Go ahead, and we'll keep the secret. If anybody is trying to help Herbert Lufkins I want to know it. He used to be the greatest friend I had

when I was a little fellow ; and mother says he was as generous and kind-hearted as any boy she ever saw. Smart, too ; a good deal smarter than Joe.

Russ.—I don't remember him. He went away in a little while after father moved here, but everybody seems to pity him, and hope he'll come out all right.

Sim.—He is doing all right now. My uncle has taken him in hand.

Russ.—Did you see him ?

Sim.—Of course I did. He is in uncle's store and boards there, and spends all his evenings with the family. He is a splendid fellow, too ; handsome and gentlemanly. All my cousins like him, and Aunt Mary says she never had a more agreeable young man in her house. Mr. Lufkin sent him away, and told him never to come back, but he may be glad to send for him again.

Hal.—Has he signed the pledge ?

Sim.—Signed and sealed it.

Hal.—How has he sealed it ?

Sim.—By pledging himself to a Christian life. So he depends upon God for grace and strength to keep his pledge of total abstinence, and uncle says that while he does that he is safe.

Russ.—Does Mr. Lufkin know where he is ?

Sim.—I presume not. They say he never allows anybody to mention Herbert's name before him, and Herbert wouldn't be very likely to write to him at present. He has been away from home five years, and he told uncle he had done almost every kind of work, and lived in almost every style. He said he had been cold and hungry and sick, without anybody to care for him or speak a kind word to him.

Hal.—What made him think of trying to reform ?

Sim.—He says he always thought of it, and sometimes he would not drink for a good while. But it was what he heard uncle say in a big temperance meeting that decided him to make one last desperate effort.

Russ.—He paid dear for *his* wine, didn't he?

Sim.—He didn't drink much wine after he left home; he has been too poor for that.

Hal.—What a pity every boy couldn't see just what it would cost him to drink liquor. If he could he never would pay the price.

Sim.—He *can* see it. He *does* see it every day. He can count the cost if he will. The trouble is that every boy who begins to drink thinks he can go so far and then stop. There never was a bright jolly boy who calculated or expected to sell out all his smartness and good looks for the drunkard's ditch.

Russ.—Everybody who drinks moderately don't get to be a drunkard.

Sim.—I know that, but it is running a risk there can't anybody afford. Besides, if a great deal of liquor does a great deal of hurt, a little does *some* hurt, and what is moderate for some men is *immoderate* for others. Perhaps Mr. Lufkin wont ever be a drunkard, but he has paid dear for drinking moderately, and he hasn't paid the whole bill yet.

Russ.—Guess not. Wonder how much all the liquor drank in the country cost. Does anybody know?

Sim.—Yes, there has been a very close estimate made, and every year there are seven hundred million dollars spent for liquor, here in the United States. It has been spent so, too, for a good many years.

Russ.—Whew! what a lot of people that money

would make comfortable. It would pay for sending thousands of boys and girls to school who never can go now. No wonder we have hard times, and I've noticed that the poorest folks are the ones that drink the most.

Hal.—Put it the other way. The ones who drink the most are the poorest. There can't anybody spend the same money for two different things.

Sim.—Money isn't the heaviest item in our drink bill either. Sixty thousand drunkards die in this country every year. Their lives and their souls must be reckoned in when you count the cost of the nation's drink. And besides that the suffering of their families and friends.

Hal.—Yes, and all they might have been, and all they might have done, if they had let liquor alone.

Russ.—That is so. We can see plain enough what it would cost us to start on the moderation track. I don't suppose we are either of us any smarter than Herbert Lufkin, and if he has come to grief, we should be likely to. Beer is pretty moderate, but it is a waste of money to drink it.

Sim.—That is true, and men and women get drunk on it. It takes considerable to make them drunk, but a confirmed beer drinker never knows when to stop. A great many begin with beer and end with whisky. Not any for me.

Hal.—Nor for me.

Russ.—Nor for me.

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THE NEW PLEDGE.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

CHARACTERS.

THE PRESIDENT, SECRETARY, GEORGE, JASPER, EDWARD, AND MARY.

[*A scene in the society-room. President in the chair; other officers and members in their places.*]

Secretary.—George Hoyt is accused of breaking his pledge.

President.—George, what have you to say for yourself?

George. [*Steps out and stands*].—Not guilty.

Pres.—Who is the first witness in this case?

Sec.—Jasper Clark.

Pres.—Jasper, please tell us what you know about it.

Jasper. [*Standing*].—I was in at Mr. Townsend's last Saturday night, when George Hoyt and Eli Townsend came in all wet from eel-fishing. Mrs. Townsend brought out some cherry brandy for Eli, and told him to drink it to prevent his taking cold; and she gave some to George, and he drank it.

Pres.—What have you to say to that, George?

Geo.—I took it as medicine.

Pres.—Were you sick?

Geo.—No ; but I was afraid I should be.

Pres.—People generally wait till they are sick before they take medicine.

Geo.—I thought if I took medicine to prevent my becoming sick, that would be still better.

Pres.—But you did not take it by order of any physician.

Geo.—The pledge does not require that

Pres.—Well, then, is every one to be his own judge ?

Geo.—He can be for all the pledge says to the contrary. But my pa says he would as soon trust Mrs. Townsend as any physician in the place, and much sooner than he would Dr. Lettson, who gets drunk every day.

Pres.—If we can choose our doctors in that way, suppose we should all take the advice tipsy Jim gave us, when he found us all shivering without a fire one evening, and take a little cordial to keep us from getting cold. Would you agree to that ?

Geo.—No ; but I do not see that it would make much difference whether you took it by the advice of tipsy Jim or tipsy Dr. Lettson.

Pres.—Let us look at it in another light, then. Suppose you were a reformed man—had once been a drunkard, like many of the men who are now members of temperance societies. Now, taking medicine of that sort would be the worst thing you could possibly do—serve you worse than a dozen colds. Don't you see that would not be a safe rule ?

Geo.—Yes ; but I am not a reformed man.

Pres.—True, but we want a society that will be safe for a reformed man or anybody else. We want no two rules about it.

Geo.—Then, why allow it for medicine at all, if it is not safe for the reformed man to take it, and you want no two rules ?

Pres. [*A pause*].—Well, I did not make the pledge. [*Another pause.*] What shall we do with this case ? [*Looking around.*] Has any member anything to say about it ? [*Another pause.*]

Jasper.—If we want a society where the reformed man and everybody else would be safe, and no two rules about it, why not have a pledge not to take alcoholic liquors at all for any purpose. If the reformed man can get along without them for medicine, we can; and do you not all think that it would be the best way ?

Henry Faber.—I like that idea. It does seem to me that we are the safest not to tamper at all with anything that has done so much mischief and killed off so many people. It was taking distilled spirits for medicine that first got the people to taking them for drinks.

Edward King.—But isn't it just possible that we might *need* to take them for something. Isn't such a step rather venturesome ?

Jasper.—Not half so venturesome, to my notion, as it is to foster the idea that we need this terrible poison. My father says he has not taken a drop of alcohol in any shape for forty years; and I think I can do without it as well as my father has. Who will pledge with me for total abstaining ?

Edward.—I don't think it fair to change the pledge after you have got us all into the society.

Henry.—We ought not to do that, of course, unless all agree to it. If they do not, there is another thing we can do. Those who wish to go in for "No

Alcohol " put " N. A." after their name on the pledge book. Here goes for my name. [*He writes in the book.*]

Jasper.—I'll agree to that. [*Signs.*]

Geo.—That means something, and I like it. [*Signs.*]

Henry.—I move that action in George's case be postponed indefinitely.

Pres.—All in favor say, Ay.

All.—Ay.

Pres.—Secretary, please put N. A. after my name.

Sec.—I will, and after my own, too.

Edward.—Here, I don't like to be left out in the cold. [*He takes the book and writes, and all the rest do the same. While they are writing, the colloquy proceeds.*]

Jasper.—Mr. President, I would like to ask Henry where he found this capital idea.

Henry.—My grandfather told me that the first pledges of our temperance societies were against distilled liquors only, and not against cider, wine, and beer. But when they found these, too, would make drunkards, they began to take the pledge against them by writing "T. A." after their names, which mean "total abstaining"; and they did this until they had a total-abstinence pledge. So I thought we could mend our pledge until we got a better by adding "N. A.," which means that we will not take the stuff at any time nor under any circumstances.

Pres.—A capital idea, and I hope we will have a pledge like that very soon. All in favor of that rise and sing, "God speed the Right." [*They all rise and all sing.*]

BLUE BOWS.

BY MRS. J. McNAIR WRIGHT.

CHARACTERS :

ELLICE,
RUTH.

CHARLES,
FRANK.

Girls seated on stage, making blue bows. Enter

CHARLES and FRANK.

Charles.—Whew ! Making so many blue bows. What are they for ?

Ellice.—Temperance badges. Will you wear one ?

Charles.—I don't care if I do. [*Holds out his hand*].

Ruth.—[*Stopping him*]. Wait; they *mean* a good deal. If you wear one, you *mean* that you will have nothing to do with intoxicating drink, with brewed liquor, or alcohol.

Charles.—[*Putting his hands in his pockets*]. Oh—h—*nothing* to do. Come, no one would be a drunkard, but *nothing*—oh—h—h !

Ellice.—Why start on the road to New York, if you don't mean to go there ? Better set out for some place where you *are* going.

Frank.—The road may be very pretty for a little while you know, and when one gets tired, one can come back.

Ruth.—Ah ! Well, show us some of the good or pretty things about strong drink.

Charles.—You see it may be useful, like other medicines, if one don't get fond of it. If one gets so fond of it as to be a drunkard, then it is dangerous.

Ellice.—Then you had better take medicines that there is no danger of getting too fond of. What is liquor good for as medicine ? •

Charles.—Well, in hot weather it keeps the heat out, *they say*, and in cold weather it warms one up ; it is good to cure a cold also, and—and they use it for cholera.

Ruth.—Well, I should say, cool off on lemonade and soda water ; and warm up on hot tea and coffee ; and take some boneset for your cold ; and as to the cholera, our doctor says, that a man used to liquor, is almost sure to die of that. If you take these remedies that I recommend, they will not finish by making a drunkard of you.

Charles.—But *they say* that a proper use of liquor makes one strong and healthy.

Ellice.—Look at the whisky-drinkers in this town, are they strong and healthy ? Little Bob Topp drinks, and he can't carry a pail of water ; his little sister is stronger than he. And Jerry Tuller drinks, and they say he's in a decline, he can hardly walk. And old toper Tony, can not dig his own garden ; and drunken Sam can hardly hobble on a cane he shakes so ; and Topsy Meg can not hold a cup of water, her hand is in such a tremble. Think, there isn't in our town one *strong* person who is a drunken person.

Frank.—But if all are teetotalers, what will become of the liquor sellers ?

Ruth.—Why they will be driven to honest ways of living.

Charles.—Honest ! Why isn't that honest and profitable ?

Ellice [*Scornfully*].—Profitable to whom ? To the men who work in *breweries* and *distilleries* ? They are given the poorest wages of any laborers, and usually are the shortest-lived, and most quarrelsome, and worst supported, of any one kind of working men. Not profitable to the men who buy, surely ? Who are so ragged, who go to jail, who fill the poor-house, who have so much sickness, who lose their

homes, who abuse their wives and children, if not these men who buy what brewers and distillers make? If you mean that so many men must be miserable beggars, just to support a few brewers and distillers, that is not fair.

Ruth.—But in fact brewers and distillers usually end by losing their property, and their children are generally bad, and die violent deaths, or make some bad end.

Charles.—But wine *they say* sharpens the mind. Lawyer Lest always drank wine before going to plead in court.

Frank.—Ah! , And how did he die?

Charles.—Why, he committed suicide from melancholy.

Frank.—And Esquire Hollis drank when he was to make a speech.

Ruth.—And you know what has become of him?

Frank.—They say he is idiotic, from softening of the brain.

Ellice.—And, Charles, your poor cousin Jim, who said in college he studied on wine and brandy, is in an Insane Asylum.

Ruth.—You see the *strength* got by brain or muscles from the use of liquors is what they call a *spurt*, it drives one on fiercely for a little, and then he just sinks so much farther into weakness. As the pendulum of the clock, if you pull it far out on one side, it flies far back on the other. This strength is like the flashing of a fire, and it burns out *real* strength, and power of endurance.

Charles.—Why, you girls seem to have studied up this matter.

Ellice.—We have just used our eyes and our common sense.

Ruth.—Stand up here, like good boys, and say your catechism. Now divide in your minds the people of

this town into those who drink and those who don't drink. Ready? Well, in which party are the oldest, strongest, healthiest people?

Charles and Frank.—In the Temperance Party.

Ruth.—Which party has most money, and lives best?

Frank and Charles [*Laughing*].—The Temperance Party.

Ruth.—Which is the most intelligent?

Charles and Frank.—Well, the Temperance lot.

Ruth.—Which party is the most respected, their opinions looked to, their word relied on, their notes honored, eh?

Charles and Frank.—The TEMPERANCE PARTY.

Ruth. [*Severely*].—Which party are you going to belong to?

Boys.—Oh, now you're putting too fine a point on it. Here girls, stand up, and say your catechism. Won't you think us just as nice if we don't wear those blue bows?

Ellice and Ruth.—Mercy, no! Not one half!

Charles.—Will the bows be any especial advantage to us?

Ellice.—They will become your complexions beautifully.

Charles.—And if we grew up young men, and took just a little wine and such stuff, wouldn't you walk and ride out with us?

Girls.—My, no! We wouldn't think of such a thing.

Charles [*Pathetically*].—And wouldn't you speak a good word for us?

Ellice.—We would not have any to speak, since you would be wilfully doing what is wrong and dangerous.

Charles.—And you would prefer these *teetotal* young men to us?

Girls.—Yes, indeed; not a doubt of that.

Frank.—Charles, I should die of sorrow at such a state of things. There is no help for it, let us leave off before we begin. Girls bestow upon us BLUE BOWS.

Ellice. Here they are, now let us all march home wearing Blue Bows. [*They march round the stage, single file, and go out in great state.*]

CURING A DRUNKARD.

BY MRS. J. McNAIR WRIGHT.

CHARACTERS :

ANNIE.) *Busy with sticks, pa-* JANE. { *Enter.*
EMMA. { *per, pasteboard, &c.* PEGGY. }

Jane.—What *are* you two girls doing ?

Annie.—We are trying to invent something. Inventors always make a fortune, and we want to invent.

Jane.—But *what*—what idea have you in your minds ?

Emma.—Nothing in particular ; we thought we would put string, sticks, paper, glue, tacks and so on together, and see if it turned out a model, and *then*, we'd get it patented.

Jane.—What an absurd idea !

Peggy.—[*Dropping on a stool and pushing the materials away.*] I wish you would invent a way of curing drunkards. I have just been to see Sallie, our nice nurse that married last year, and I found her crying, because her husband drinks. He came home drunk last night.

Annie.—Here is a way I read of in a book. The man's wife made his home so nice, and she looked so nice, and had such a good tea or dinner always ready, and plenty of hot coffee, and invited in his friends, and the home was so much better than the bar-room that the man finally gave up all his drinking.

Jane.—My mother told me of a family she knew,

where the man began to drink ; he had two little children, twins, and their mother used to curl their hair, and put on their white aprons, and they would go with him to and from his work, and if he went into a grog shop, in they went, hand in hand, and stood white and sweet, like two little angels, looking on at the dreadful things there, ready to cry. And their father felt so ashamed to have such innocent creatures there, and to feel himself unfit for their company, that he stopped drinking entirely.

Peggy.—Wasn't that sweet ? *I* heard of a horrible way. Some people say to make drunkards *sick* of drinking they should have liquor forced on them all the time ; put in all their food, fill the air of their rooms with it, and in every way crowd whiskey on them, and they will hate it.

Jane.—I fancy they will die of it first. That seems to me like killing one with poison, to stop them from taking poison.

Emma.—My cousin Becky's way was *dreadful funny*.

Peggy.—*Dreadful* funny seems to me just the word for anything funny connected with getting drunk.

Emma.—I'll tell you just how it was, for I was visiting her. Her husband came home tipsy for the first time. He staggered to the lounge and fell over stupid.

Peggy.—Your poor cousin ! What did she do.

Emma.—Her face grew red, and she set her lips tight. Then she said, " My poor Thomas is in a fit ? Emma, run for the doctor." So I ran and told the doctor Tom had a fit.

Annie.—What did he say when he came ?

Emma.—He said, " Hem, ah-h-h ! It's nothing ; it will soon pass off ; quite common ; don't worry."

Jane.—Horrid creature ! What did your cousin do then ?

Emma.—She wrung her hands. “Doctor he has an apoplectic fit! Go to work at once; shave his head, put on leeches, put on blisters, save him, or I must call some one else.”

Peggy.—But did she not really know?

Emma.—She knew, but she would not admit it. The doctor said, “Compose yourself, ma’am; he is a little tipsy.” Cousin Becky screamed out, “How dare you slander my Thomas? Doctor, *will* you treat him as I desire? If not, do not stay! I will send for the barber. Emma, go fetch the barber, and I will attend to his case myself.”

Jane.—Oh! and did you go for the barber?

Emma.—Yes, indeed, I did; and said Tom had a fit, and he was to come and shave his head. When I came with the barber, the doctor looked at Becky: “Madam, are you resolved on this *heroic* treatment?” Becky replied: “I am resolved to save my Thomas.”

Peggy.—Good! And what did the doctor do?

Emma.—He looked down, smiled, and said: “Well, yours is all the responsibility, remember that.” So he told the barber to shave Tom, and he took every hair off his head. Oh, girls, how he did look!

Annie.—Splendid! And what next?

Emma.—Why the doctor trimmed his head all up with leeches, and Becky put a mustard poultice on the back of his neck, and on his feet; and they undressed him and made the room dark, and put him on a cot; and Becky strewed about camphor, and burnt vinegar, and all sorts of doses, so I couldn’t stay in the room. And there she sat fanning him.

Peggy.—*Do* tell us what he did when he woke up?

Emma.—Why he found himself turned into a sick man, head shaved, three blisters on, couldn’t get out of bed. He said, “Becky, what in creation is the matter?” Becky said, “Thomas, you’ve had a fit,

and I have been taking care of you with blisters and leeches, and medicine all night.

Peggy.—Well, I never ! What did he say to that ?

Emma.—He said : “ My dear, it was not necessary ; such a little attack is quite common, a mere nothing.” Becky said, “ Thomas, it’s a good deal. If I’d known you had such fits I should not have married you, but now I shall never desert you. I shall always save your life as I have to-night. I hope, Thomas, that your fits wont come very often, or you’ll never have a hair on your head.”

Jane.—Oh, what did he do then ?

Emma.—He said, “ My dear Becky, *don’t* cure me in this way.” And Becky said, “ I *always* shall, for it has saved your life, and when you are in a fit *of course* you don’t know what is good for you.”

Annie.—Dear, dear ! And did that cure him ?

Emma.—Yes. That is a long while ago, and he never dared to come home tipsy again for fear Becky would *cure him*.

Jane.—Well we can not cure Sallie’s husband in that way, but I have a temperance pledge card in my pocket, and let us all go and call on him with that, it is now his dinner time, and he surely can’t resist Sallie and four girls teasing him to do what he knows he ought to do.

Annie.—Come ! That is not a new invention, but good, as it has been proved. Let us go and try it.

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WINE A MOCKER.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

CHARACTERS:

MARY, EMILIE, HESTER.

Mary.—Hester, have you thought about the text we were to learn?

Hester.—Yes, and learned it. Have you?

Mary.—I have done more than that. I have talked with father about it, and found a good many other texts about wine.

Emilie.—What *is* the text?

Hester.—It is one of Solomon's proverbs: "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Emilie.—I don't see how wine can be a mocker. Of course it is, or the Bible wouldn't say so, but I don't understand it.

Mary.—Father explained it to me. He said wine is a very attractive drink. It foams and sparkles and is pleasant to the taste, and when first drank it exhilarates a person and makes him feel jolly. But afterwards he has a headache, and feels stupid and miserable. So it mocks the drinker by seeming to be good, and then proving to be evil.

Hester.—Yes, I talked with my father about it, and he said the worst of it was what comes after drinking a good many times. The more a man drinks, the more he wants, so he is likely to keep on till he becomes a real drunkard.

Emilie.—I didn't suppose drinking wine would make anybody a drunkard.

Hester.—It does. It tells about it in the Bible. The first man whose drunkenness is recorded, drank of wine and was drunk.

Emilie.—Who was he?

Hester.—Noah. There is a great deal in the Bible about drinking wine. It says that wine maketh the heart glad; and so it does at first, but at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. The Bible says so.

Mary.—Yes, and in Proverbs, after asking, “Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?” it answers, “they that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.”

Emilie.—If wine-drinkers have all those dreadful things, wine *must* be a mocker, if people expect any good of it. Woe and sorrow and wounds are very bad, and the other things are very disagreeable. I guess I know now what makes some men’s eyes so red, and I wouldn’t look as they do for all the wine in the world.

Mary.—The Bible says, in another place, that wine and new wine take away the heart.

Emilie.—But there must be *some* men who can drink wine without losing their hearts or getting into so much trouble.

Mary.—The Bible says: “Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.” And there is another woe: “Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine.”

Emilie.—This is all new to me. It must be that I haven’t studied the Bible as much as I ought, or I should have known it. I think a man who gets drunk isn’t fit to be with decent people; but when you read about grand dinners, you almost always read about the wines that are drank.

Hester.—Yes; but the reporter don’t say anything about the dark side of it. Men *do* drink till they are

silly, or cross, or stupid, even at the grandest dinners. I guess the only difference between wine-drinkers and whisky-drinkers is, that those who get drunk on wine have more money, and can be hidden away out of sight till they get over it.

Emilie.—I wonder if they behave just as bad as the men who get drunk on whisky? Is *wine*-drunk as bad as *whisky*-drunk?

Mary.—Just as bad. Why not? Drunk is drunk; and there isn't any better about it; no matter if the wine-drinker is a member of Congress, and the whisky-drinker an Irish hod-carrier.

Hester.—It can't make any difference. And, besides, the man who begins with wine is very likely to end with whisky. A poor man can't afford to drink wine, and the drunkard shall come to poverty.

Emilie.—Wine must be expensive drink. I know now what mother meant when she said that Mr. Lakeman had exchanged his thousands of dollars for hogsheads of wine.

Hester.—I guess he has; and now he is glad to exchange his pennies for the very vilest stuff that will make him drunk. He told somebody he wanted to keep drunk enough so he couldn't remember anything.

Mary.—I should think he would. His father left him a large fortune, and it is all gone.

Hester.—Yes, and he left him the habit of drinking wine, too. Mr. Lakeman's father was a member of the Church, but he always drank wine, and, of course, his son would. I shouldn't think a Christian, who professes to live according to the Bible, *would* drink wine.

Mary.—I shouldn't either; but father says a great many Church-members are on the wrong side of the temperance question.

Emilie.—They aren't all drunkards?

Mary.—No, but they are liable to be; and people don't really know how near they come to it; be-

cause, you see, some men appear very well in public, and act awfully at home. I have heard my mother say that.

Hester.—I guess everybody who has lived in the world very long knows it.

Emilie.—I never thought anything about it, and I never thought much about wine before. I didn't know it was so bad, until you told me. Perhaps I should have found it out when I grew older. But mother says it is best to start right when we are young. Do all the scholars in your Sunday-school learn the verse about wine being a mocker?

Mary.—The superintendent said he hoped they would, and learn as many other verses, too, as they could.

Hester.—I think that text ought to be printed in illuminated letters and put up everywhere, where people can't help seeing it. It don't seem as though Christians would need it, but some of them seem to forget what the Bible says.

Emilie.—I shall never forget that the Bible pronounces a woe upon the wine-drinker, and that wine is a mocker. It is dreadful to be mocked.

Hester.—So it is. When you think everything is going to be pleasant and it turns out *unpleasant*, you are mocked with what mother calls delusive hopes and false expectations. I don't think it would be quite safe to trust a wine-drinker.

Mary.—The only safety is in being a teetotaler. If a man don't drink any kind of liquor, he can't possibly be a drunkard.

Hester.—The Bible says drunkards can not inherit the kingdom of God, and the prophet Isaiah says: "The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink; they are swallowed up of wine." It don't say whisky, but wine, and I wonder people, nowadays, don't talk more against drinking wine.

Emilie.—So do I; and, for one, I think I shall be often tempted to say, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

AN APPEAL

FROM THE

APPLES, GRAPES, RYE, AND HOPS.

BY

MRS. ELIZABETH POWELL BOND.

CHARACTERS :

JOHN, MARY, ALICE, HARRY.

John [*with a basket of apples in his hand*].—We come before you in behalf of these mute things, to protest against the harmful use to which they are put. Could these apples speak to you, I fancy they would say : “All this beautiful summer, through the months of sun and shower, our mother tree has been as busy as busy could be, with her myriad leaves and countless rootlets, taking in stimulus from the air, and nourishment from the earth, until she has moulded us into these fair apples. The sunbeams have been our artists, and have given us these bright colors, and they have been the mysterious chemists that have made our juices sparkling and health-giving. We pray you send us not to the cruel mill to be crushed between the upper and nether millstones, to have our juices changed to harmful drinks. Let us stay by your pleasant firesides, to grace your tables with our beauty, to delight your eager children, to give health and vigor to your blood.”

Mary [*with a basket of grapes*].—Let me be a voice for these grapes, that the poets have loved to sing about as the store-houses of the golden sunshine. Mother Nature has given them not only beauty, but the most delicate flavors, and they love to minister to the good and the comfort of man. They would witness with dismay the drunken revels of gay young men, the gradual ruin of fair young girls, the misery wrought by the wine when it is red. They would plead with you to let them be the beautiful grapes to cheer, rather than the red, dangerous wine to inebriate.

Alice [*with a cluster of hops*].—Let me plead for these graceful creatures, that fall victims to the brewer's devices, and are made instrumental in the ruin of men. In their growth they are led by the sunshine, climbing onward and upward till they have reached their limit of perfection, when they, like all growing things, are ready for the service of man. Their graceful growth, their clustering blossoms, please his sense of beauty, and in these blossoms, Mother Nature has hidden a power to minister to his tired, excited nerves, and bring their restorer, sleep. They plead with you to save them for their beneficent service.

Harry [*with a handful of grain*].—Had this foodful grain a human tongue, it would earnestly protest against the wastefulness that perverts it from its God-appointed purpose. In its neat little kernels are stored up the very properties that go to build up our constantly wasting bodies. There are lime and phosphorus for our bones, there are starch and sugar for our blood, in these tiny parcels of food. And yet, while there are children crying for bread, thoughtless and selfish men take this foodful grain and pervert it into the baneful whisky that weakens the nerves and muscles and wills of their fellows, and, instead of promoting life, spreads broadcast the seeds of death. Oh, it is a shameful thing thus to pervert one of God's best gifts into one of man's most dangerous enemies.

I CAN DO A LITTLE.

CHARACTERS:

MR. SELF-SUFFICIENT, LITTLE TIMOTHY SMART.

Mr. Self-Sufficient.—Well, my little fellow, what is that you have in your button-hole?

Timothy.—A ribbon, sir.

Mr. S. S.—And what do you wear a ribbon for?

Tim.—Oh, sir! it is a badge of the Band of Hope.

Mr. S. S.—Band of Hope! What is that? What are you little fellows hoping to do?

Tim.—Why, sir, we are hoping to overthrow the tyrant Alcohol and drive him from the land.

Mr. S. S.—What! you little fellows?

Tim.—Oh, sir! little fellows can do a little, and that is all that can be expected. Sometimes in a great battle little fellows carry the powder, and sometimes they hold the match while the gun is loading.

Mr. S. S.—And what do you suppose you little fellows can do to stop drinking?

Tim.—Oh, sir! we can do a little. If we can't do any more, we can keep ourselves from drinking; and if there are fifty of us, as there are, we can stop fifty drinks.

Mr. S. S.—Pretty small drinks. What do you

suppose Mr. Thompson, who sells his barrel a week, cares for that ?

Tim.—I don't know, sir ; but the other day, when we passed his shop with our banner, and on it in large letters, "*You Don't Get Us*," he stood at the door and looked mighty sober ; and Mr. Williams, the distiller, was heard to say his distillery would not be worth much when we grow up.

Mr. S. S.—And what else can you do ?

Tim.—We can carry tracts, sir, and put them into all the drunkards' houses, and into the gin-shops too. We can go where grown folks can not, for no one will hurt us. We get many thanks for our tracts, sir.

Mr. S. S.—And what else can you do ?

Tim.—We can help save the drunkard, sir. Three of our little girls, sir, sang songs to one, till they got him to sign the pledge, and then coaxed him into one of their meetings, and that brought comfort to his family. His little boys and girls we can get into our Band of Hope, and there we can keep them from the drunkard's drink and make them happy. And by and by, sir, if we keep to work, we shall make a happy town. The little coral insects do but little work at a time, sir ; but by and by their work gets above the surface of the ocean, and then there comes the beautiful island on the coral reef.

Mr. S. S.—Oh, my little fellow ! I see you are worth something. Go on with your work, and God bless you !

EDDIE'S PROCESSION.

[FOR FOURTH OF JULY.]

BY

EDWARD CARSWELL.

CHARACTERS :

LULA, EDWARD, and MOTHER.

(It would be well if a dog sufficiently teachable and tractable can be brought upon the stage.)

Lula.—Eddie, what did I hear you telling Watch?

Eddie.—I said, "Now, Watch, you must be a good dog. This is Fourth of July, and if you are good we'll have a procession."

Lula. (*Laughing.*)—"A procession!" How large a procession?

Eddie.—Oh! only just us two, Watch and me; I'll be the General and the Band, and Watch may carry a stick in his mouth.

Lula.—Why don't you let him carry your flag?

Eddie.—Oh! because he carries crossways, and he would drag it in the dust, and that is what shall *never* be done to the glorious Stars and Stripes! (*Stamping his foot hard upon the stage.*)

Lula.—What will you do for a sword?

Eddie.—Get Uncle Charlie's from the hall,—that and his soldier-cap.

Lula.—Uncle Charlie's? He's gone to march with the big procession!

Eddie.—Yes, but he came home awful sick! Mother cried, and said, "What *is* the matter?" and father said, "He's taken *too much celebration inside and that's what's the matter!*" So I told Watch to remember he is a soldier; and I want him to be a *brave* soldier, and not run out of the procession and get drunk, and to-night he shall have some gingerbread.

Mother. (*Entering.*)—Eddie, what are you talking about?

Eddie.—I am telling Watch to behave himself, and not get drunk.

Mother.—But, my dear boy, dogs never do get drunk.

Eddie.—No, I don't suppose *dogs* ever do,—they know too much; but I've seen men go from processions into the saloon, and Watch might want to follow them and *break his pledge*.

Lula. (*Laughing.*)—"His pledge?" Did Watch ever take a pledge?

Eddie.—Of course he has! Every fellow that plays with me has got to take the pledge! (*Bringing his foot down hard.*)

Mother.—How could you make Watch take it?

Eddie.—He always goes with me to the Band of Hope, and so we gave him the pledge. One of the

boys read it to him, and I said, "If you mean to keep this pledge so long as we both do live, *speak!*" And he sat right up and barked! so we tied the pledge around his neck. But this morning he went out with Uncle Charles, and I saw him go into the saloon with him, and,—*I'm afraid.*

Lula.—Mother, what *is* this Fourth of July, with it's celebrations, and processions, and fire-crackers, and all?

Mother.—You know Eddie had his birthday party last week?

Lula.—Yes.

Mother.—Well the Fourth of July is the birthday of our nation, and the celebrations are its birthday parties.

Eddie.—But everybody was happy on *my* birthday, and *you* don't look happy to day, one bit. Aren't you glad?

Mother.—Yes, my boy, I am proud of our great nation, and of our fathers who gained it's independence; but something else makes me sad.

Eddie.—What is it, mother? Nothing *shall* make you sad if *I* can help it.

Mother.—It is this: When the British soldiers were driven out of our country, a far worse enemy was left in.

Eddie.—Tell me who he is; I'll find him!

Mother.—This enemy has killed more men, women, and children than the British ever did!

Eddie.—Tell me where he is; I'll fight him!

Mother.—He is doing it to-day, and we have not been able to drive him out of our land.

Eddie.—Tell me what he is; I'll set Watch on to him !

Mother.—This very morning he took prisoner one whom I dearly love !

Eddie. (*Fiercely drawing his sword.*)—His name ! tell me his name !

Mother.—His name, my son, is,—*Intemperance !*

Eddie.—*I'll find him !*

Mother.—He is a greater tyrant than King George ever was !

Eddie.—*I'll not serve him ; I'll fight him,—I'll conquer him !*

Mother.—Well, my son, if you and your Band of Hope——

Eddie. (*Interrupting.*)—And Watch——

Mother.—Ever do conquer this great enemy, every woman in this nation will rejoice, and we'll have one grand procession, and take the children all with us.

Eddie.—And won't that be the most glorious Independence day our country ever saw ? (*Whistling for WATCH.*) Watch ! Watch ! come, old fellow, let's go and help.

BAD HABITS.

BY

MRS. M. ELLA CORNELL.

CHARACTERS.

GEORGE, MARY,
HARRY, LAURA,
FRANK, BERTHA,
 ARTHUR.

Harry.—What is the matter, George? You look as proud as a king.

George.—Well, I have occasion to look so. I have just conquered myself, and that is more than Alexander could do. Read this, and let me know your opinion of it. [*Handing it to HARRY*].

Harry.—"I, George Bancroft, do solemnly declare that, with God's help, no intoxicating liquors of any kind shall henceforth pass my lips, and that no profane exclamation or invective shall issue from them. That, as far as lies in my power, I will try to conquer all my existing faults, and form no bad habits in the future. I also engage never to smoke nor chew tobacco, and to be temperate in *all* things.

"(Signed), GEO. BANCROFT."

Mary.—Why, George, any one would suppose that you were a confirmed drunkard, and addicted to any number of faults and vices, to judge from what Harry has just read.

George.—You do not understand. Mary, it is not what I *have* done, but to guard against what I may be tempted to do in the future, that I have signed this pledge. I wish I could get all of you to join me in my good resolution, and together we could form a mutual aid association.

Frank.—But what good does it do a body to sign this *now*? I don't like brandy nor cigars, and it will be time enough to sign a pledge after I begin to use them.

Bertha.—That is a wrong idea altogether, Frank; for if you wait till you begin to *like* them, you will *never* sign the pledge. I know enough about the power of habit to tell you that. I think it would be a very wise plan for all you boys to sign it, but I can not imagine what need there is for us girls to do so. I am sure I would never drink, smoke, chew, nor swear.

Harry.—Yes, but this pledge provides for you girls in this sentence: "I will try to conquer all my existing faults and form no bad habits in the future." Surely, you are not perfect. You must have *some* faults.

Bertha.—I must, must I? Well, I'd like to know what business it is of yours? I guess I am as good as any of the other girls.

Laura.—Gracious me! Bertha, you need not get so angry about it. You frighten me almost to death with your black looks.

Arthur [*laughing*].—There, girls, both of you have betrayed your predominant faults, and proved conclusively that you need to sign the pledge. You, Bertha, have displayed a hasty temper, and if you do not con-

quer it in your youth, it will surely conquer you as you grow older; and what sight is more displeasing than an angry woman? Laura is almost equally to blame, for she is guilty of exaggeration and an unladylike exclamation. She said she was almost frightened to death, but I did not notice any particular difference in her appearance, and I am quite certain that a refined and cultivated lady would not wish to utter such expressions as "Gracious me!"

Bertha.—Well, Arthur, I acknowledge that I was wrong to speak so impatiently, and I shall endeavor to overcome my faults, and I will prove my sincerity by signing George's pledge.

Laura.—And I acknowledge that I have formed the very bad habit of exaggerating and using improper and unladylike exclamations; but if you will all help me, I have no doubt I can conquer my besetting sins before long.

Frank.—Well, I suppose as you are all acknowledging your faults, I shall have to do the same. But, upon my word, I can not think of anything just now. I do not swear, smoke, nor drink; and, in fact, I think I am about as good as they get them up nowadays. If any of you know anything against me, just speak out. Don't be afraid—I won't get mad.

Harry [*laughing*].—Ha! ha! Frank, I think your bump of self-esteem is about the size of a pumpkin. In fact, it must take up nearly all your head and leave very little room for brains. Give it to him, boys; tell him all his defects.

George.—Well, I know of one very great failing he has—want of punctuality. He never enters Sunday-school until after the exercises have commenced, and

is always five minutes behindhand on every occasion.

Arthur.—Now it is my turn to find fault. He is given to boasting, extravagance, using slang phrases, affecting manly airs, self-conceit, and——

Frank.—Stop! stop! boys. Have a little regard for my feelings. Girls, won't you speak one kind word for me? You have just been reprimanded, and "you know how it is yourselves."

Mary.—Yes, boys. I think we have all received our share of reproof, and I for one will endeavor to conquer my faults. My besetting sin is carelessness, both in attire and conversation. I will endeavor to think twice before I speak once, and to cultivate habits of neatness and order.

Laura.—And I think we should all endeavor to avoid the use of slang phrases.

Bertha.—Yes, and cultivate a forgiving and charitable disposition toward others.

George.—Come, then; let us all sign the pledge and endeavor to become what true American citizens ought to be—pure and good in thought, word, and deed; and, if we could but persuade some of these kind friends to join us in our good resolutions, we would feel that our efforts had not been in vain.

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A FIT OF INDIGESTION

A DIALOGUE FOR FIVE OR SIX BOYS.

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

SCENE.—*The MAYOR'S Court Room—MAYOR behind a table—TRUAX reading a newspaper ; one or two others standing or seated. Enter PENNY, drunk—addresses the MAYOR.*

Penny.—Y'r 'nor, 'm poorman, fort'n't man. C'mplain 'g'nst poor m'ster. Want 'im 'rested ; 'buse of office. Swindles poor fort'n't man out of eye-teeth ; 'fuse me money for starvin' des'tute fam'ly. W'as poor m'sser for ? Need money, f'm'ly p'rishin', y'r 'nor.

Mayor [*indignantly*] :—No doubt ! Your family is perishing and starving as a matter of course, when, instead of supporting them, you rob them of their earnings, and of all that they have, to spend it on your appetite.

Penny.—No, y'r 'nor ; no appetite ; too sick t' eat. All need 's money—'alf dollar, Judge—a shillin', sixpence. Starvin' family 'n rascally poor m'sser. Want justice.

Mayor.—And you've come to the right place for

it. I shall do my duty, if I lock you up for thirty days.

Penny [*maudlin*].—Why, 'v' done, Judge? poor fort'n't honest man.

Mayor.—Done! You're a confirmed drunkard; you're drunk this very moment.

Penny [*with great dignity*].—Silence in Court! Don' make s' much noise, Judge; fine you for 'tempt of court.

Mayor.—Why, you confounded rascal——

Penny.—Don' swear, Judge—great sin—f'm'able 'fense.

Mayor.—I shall commit you as drunk and disorderly.

Penny.—No, Judge; don' do 't—great shame. 'M teetotaler; never was drunk 'n my life. Drink n'thing but water. M' sick, Judge—tha's w'a's matter with me d'gestion—awful bad d'gestion [*pathetically*]. Oh, Judge, wish *you* had my stomach—awful bad stomach.

Mayor.—Well, I don't want it, or any other stomach that is burnt out with whisky. The best cure for *your* indigestion will be total abstinence. If I commit you for three months your stomach will have leisure to improve.

Penny.—Judge, y'r m'staken. Noth'n' wrong but d'gestion, sure's name's Penny.

Mayor [*writing*].—And a bad Penny you are, and

will probably come back here sooner than we want to see you.

Penny [*Takes up a pitcher of water, drinks some, pours some on his hand, and bathes his face. Steadies himself*].—Oh, I can't go to jail. It's all indigestion, 'pon my honor; it's d'spepsia—bad, very bad. Oh, goodness; won't any one speak for me!

Truax [*rising*].—Your honor, may I say a word for this man?

Penny.—Yes, do; there's a good fellow.

Mayor.—And who are you?

Truax.—If you please, I'm the Devil's advocate.

Mayor.—And what are *you* doing *here*?

Truax.—Looking after *his* servants, your honor, to see that they get their due.

Penny [*soberer*].—Oh, come now, hold hard there.

Mayor.—Well, if you recognize this man as one of your clients, let us hear what you have to say.

Truax.—Your honor, he says that his trouble is indigestion. I wish to prove that it *is* indigestion; that it can not be otherwise. Is indigestion a crime? Shall a sufferer from indigestion be sent to the county prison for thirty days, or for three months? No, your honor.

Penny [*approvingly*].—Go on, boss; now you've hit it.

Truax [*to the Court*].—Sir, what is indigestion?

It is a disease. Is a disease a crime? No, it is a misfortune. Your honor, indigestion arises from certain causes; where those causes are continually present, indigestion must result. I wish to show that these causes are present in the case of the man Penny. If, sir, people introduce into their stomachs substances that can not be dissolved by the gastric juice, then these substances produce inflammation, indigestion, and a long train of miseries. A continued introduction of these insoluble substances will destroy the power of the stomach, and produce chronic indigestion of a most disastrous character.

Penny.—Zastrous c'arkter! Go it, old fello'.

Truax.—It is well known, your honor, that ostriches can receive into their stomachs the most obdurate substances, and be no worse for it. But this man is *not* an ostrich.

Penny [*weeping*].—No, 'm poorman, mis'able man—never was ostrich.

Truax.—And yet, I propose to show the Court that Penny has swallowed substances that no ostrich would think of swallowing, and to which that famous bird's little trials of horseshoes and tenpenny nails are trifles. These substances, swallowed during ten years, are such as no amount of gastric juice could dissolve, and therefore the man *must* be suffering from indigestion.

Penny.—Go it, old boy; you're right.

Truax.—Ten years ago this man Penny had four acres of land, a small frame house, a cow-shed, and

other outbuildings. In the course of two years he had, as I can bring witness to testify, swallowed all of these items, and I leave it to the Court to decide if he was likely to digest them.

Mayor.—I should say not.

Truax.—Owing to his insatiable appetite, Penny, during the next year, swallowed a fine cow, a set of garden tools, and a fine kit of carpenter's tools.

Penny [*hanging his head*].—Oh, come now; hold hard.

Truax.—Owing to the swallowing of these indigestible substances, Penny's health was now so bad that he could not apply himself to work. His eyes were bleared, his face bloated, his hands trembling, his legs shaky; he was a mere miserable wreck of a man, and not now recognizing the picture made of himself five years before, he swallowed that. Unable to earn money to gratify his cravings, he next swallowed all his own clothes but a few poor rags.

Mayor.—Did I understand you to say he ate his own clothes?

Truax.—I can prove it, sir.

Mayor.—He is worse than a toad, which casts and swallows its skin. Clerk, set down item—a suit of clothes.

Truax.—He next swallowed the family bureau, a clock given him by his father, and a carpet made by his mother. I saw him in the act.

Penny.—Oh, don't, don't! [*Covers his eyes with his hands.*]

Mayor.—The man is worse than any cormorant!

Truax.—There is no limit to this kind of greed. He next swallowed all his children's school books, and all the decent clothing of the family, so that his little ones could go neither to church nor to school.

Penny [*hides his face. groaning*].—Oh, say no more ; let me go up for three months.

Truax.—Your honor will understand that indigestion must have by this time put him in torment. I have known him to howl like a maniac, to attempt his own life, and the life of his wife ; he seemed possessed by fiends. But his appetite was rampant, and a year ago he swallowed a wood pile, and a ton of coal, that his wife had earned by hard labor.

Penny.—I'm guilty ! Judge, stop him. Commit me !

Truax [*remorselessly*].—Half fed and deprived of fire, his youngest boy—an angel of a child—fell ill. This wretched father had swallowed all medicine, medical aid, food, fire, bedding, all that the sick infant should have had, and it perished miserably before his eyes—was buried by the poormaster in the Potter's Field.

Penny [*drops on his knees*].—God forgive me ! Oh, what a wretch I am ! Judge, I'm a murderer ; sentence me for life—only stop that man.

Truax.—By some strange vampire methods that I can not explain, this man has devoured his own wife, while she yet lives. He has swallowed up the light of

her eyes, the gloss of her hair, the plump contour of her form, the glow in her cheeks, the cheery ring of her voice. Once, your honor, she was a healthy, lovely, joyous girl. She is now a poor, forlorn skeleton.

Penny.—Oh, hush, hush! Is there no punishment for me to avenge her? Is there no hope—no repentance?

Truax [*persistent*].—Never was woman more faithful; never were children prettier or more obedient, and never were any more miserable, more deprived of all things. Do you wonder that this wretch pleads indigestion? Consider what he has devoured! He is an American cannibal—worse than a cannibal; for he feeds on *living flesh*, not of his enemies, but of his *own household*.

Penny [*wringing his hands*].—Oh, help me, some of you! Gag me, hang me—lock me in a dungeon, but don't leave me any longer to myself. Oh, Judge, *can not* you stop my being tempted at every corner? Forbid these people to let me have what I ask for. Tell them to drive me out, to tie me—anything—anything but give me liquor.

Mayor.—Penny, do you realize what you have been doing?

Penny.—Do I? Oh, Judge, I hate myself—trample on me—put me out of the way. My family may help themselves if they are freed from me—their worst enemy.

Mayor.—Be a man, Penny, and set about helping them.

Penny.—Me a man ! I'm possessed of a legion of devils !

Mayor.—Well, even such a one was healed, sat clothed and in his right mind. Clerk, you're a Christian Association man—a temperance man ?

Clerk.—Yes, sir.

Mayor.—Give this man another chance ; cheer him, clothe him ; set him at hard, honest work ; make him sign a pledge. Penny, will you try like a man ?

Penny.—Heaven reward you ! I'll die before I drink more. [CLERK *takes* PENNY *out.*]

Truax —I'll go out among the business men, and see that his family are made comfortable. Who knows what they'll do with a fair start.

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THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

BY

MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

CHARACTERS :

IDA, ALICE, CHARLIE.

[IDA *turning the leaves of a book.* A rap is heard, and
ALICE *enters.*

Alice.—Good-evening, Ida.

Ida [*rising*].—How glad I am to see you, Alice !
Let me take your hat and shawl. [*Places them on a
chair*]. I was just wishing for some one to help me
decide a very important question, and you are the very
one to do it.

[*Both take seats*].

Alice [*smiling*].—Of course I am. I believe you
think I am made up of solid little chunks of wisdom.
Now, state your important question.

Ida.—Well, here it is. I've told you before, that
mother wishes me to be as good a housekeeper as her-
self ; so, while she is visiting her sister for a few weeks,

I am learning all I can to surprise her when she returns. I study her "cook-books," and Norah instructs me willingly, and I can already prepare many dishes very nicely. Father thinks my *desserts* can't be beaten; and, as he expects a friend to dine with us to-morrow, he wishes me to have something very tempting. So, I am trying to decide between wine gelatine and orange cake, and fruit pudding with brandy sauce. Which shall it be?—you know I have great confidence in your judgment.

Alice.—*Wine* gelatine? *Brandy* sauce? I thought you were all *temperance people* in this house.

Ida.—We *are*—strict temperance people; but that is no reason why we shouldn't have nicely-flavored food.

Alice.—But it is a reason why you should not help along the whisky trade.

Ida.—Why, Alice, you astonish me! you know very well we should be glad enough to see every saloon closed up this very minute. We get our brandy and wine, for cooking, by the bottle, from the store where we get our other groceries.

Alice.—And you encourage the rum traffic just as much as though you bought it from a saloon. But that's not the only wrong thing about it. Don't you feel afraid that your brother Charlie will form a taste for strong drink from eating your highly-flavored alcoholic mixtures?

Ida.—Now, Alice, that's too ridiculous for anything. Charlie has eaten all sorts of dishes flavored

with wine and brandy since he was a little boy, and it has not done him the least harm. I must say I don't believe in such ideas myself. Perhaps you will not be so radical when I tell you that the book I hold in my hand, and which contains many recipes for dishes flavored with liquors, is written by a great lady—the wife of a great preacher. What do you say to that?

Alice.—I can only say that great people sometimes make great mistakes.

Ida.—I declare, you have an answer ready for me every time. You are getting too clever, Alice. I expect you can give some other reason why it is dangerous and sinful to put a few spoonfuls of wine or brandy in food.

Alice.—Certainly I can. I have read of reformed drunkards having their dreadful appetite aroused from that cause.

Ida.—What an idea. Well, if it's true, a man who is so miserably weak would go back to drinking anyway; and I don't think we are called on to deny ourselves nice things to eat for any such reason.

Alice.—I am sorry I can't convince you of the importance of these things. I would not *dare* to feed *my* brother on such dangerous dainties as you place before *yours* so often. But it is time for me to go. [*Puts on hat and shawl*].

Ida.—Come again soon, Alice. I like you better than any girl I know, even if you *are* such an old fogey, and won't help me to decide my important question.

BOTH.—Good-night.

[*Leave at opposite sides of the stage.*]

SCENE II.

IDA AND ALICE.

Ida.—Oh, Alice ! I am firmly convinced that everything you said the last evening you spent here is *true*.

Alice.—I am very glad to hear you say that, for I went away feeling that you were a dangerous young housekeeper.

Ida.—I told father what had passed, and he said that “such extreme ideas were doing the temperance reform much harm, and that people could not accomplish much good when they became fanatics.” So, the next day I had a beautiful fruit pudding for dessert, and when father was serving it he said : “Mr. Gray, I am proud to say that my daughter Ida made this dessert. She’s a tip-top little housekeeper.” And Mr. Gray smiled, pleasantly, as he said : “I shall pass judgment on it in a short time.” Then he dipped the little silver ladle in the sauce tureen. [*Pauses*]. I declare, I hate to tell the rest.

Alice.—Do go on, Ida ; I am so anxious to hear what happened next.

Ida.—Mr. Gray suddenly pushed away the tureen, and the smile left his face, as he said : “My friend, I dare not taste that sauce, for the odor of alcohol warns me that the tiger of appetite I have kept chained for three years by the grace of God, would be let loose in all its fierceness.” Then he turned to me, and said, kindly—but *oh ! how solemnly*—“My dear young friend, let me entreat you never again to let those busy, helpful, little hands place this terrible temptation before any man.” [*Pauses*].

Alice.—How dreadfully you must have felt, Ida!

Ida.—I could scarcely keep back the tears, and Mr. Gray began to talk upon another subject, for he pitied me, I am sure. After dinner I found Charlie in the kitchen drinking sauce with a spoon as if it were soup. Here he comes now.

[*A voice is heard singing "Champagne Charlie," and CHARLIE enters, with his hat pushed back, and his hair pulled down over his forehead. He drags a chair to the center of the stage, and sits astride, with his face to the back, and fronting the audience*].

Ida (*severely*).—Charlie, what do you mean by coming in here with your hat on, and your hair all mussed up?

Charlie.—Oh! excuse me, ladies. [*Throws his hat on the floor*]. Now, Miss Alice, I've got a crow to pick with you. You've been preaching to our Ida, I know. She used to make such su-per-lu-gious desserts, and now I can't get any sauce, or mince-pie, or anything else that isn't as flat as dish-water.

Ida.—Charlie, I use the very best lemon and vanilla extracts.

Charlie.—Oh, fudge! who wants that flat, weak stuff! I tell you one thing, mother will have things different when she comes home.

Alice.—I hope not, Charlie; I think you like the taste of liquor too well now.

Charlie.—Girls, I *must* tell you a good joke I know. [*Laughs in a silly way*]. I was hungry when

I came home, and went to the pantry for some bread and milk. Up on a shelf in the corner was the brandy bottle I've seen mother and Ida use so often in cooking. I shook it, and found there was a little in it, and the idea popped into my head that I would make some milk punch. I've heard that it is awful good, but I didn't know how to make it, so I had to guess at it.

Ida.—Charlie Maxwell ! you dreadful boy !

Charlie.—Now, you just hold on, sis. If it's good to *eat* it must be good to drink ; and there wasn't as much brandy in it as I've seen you put in pudding sauce many a time.

Alice.—I hope you didn't make milk punch, Charlie.

Charlie.—Indeed I did, as well as I knew how. I beat up an egg, and stirred it in a glass of milk, then poured in the brandy and sweetened it. It was prime, I tell you, and I didn't leave a drop.

Ida.—No wonder you look so rough and act so rudely. Oh, Charlie ! I do believe you are tipsy.

Charlie [*indignant*].—Indeed I'm not. I only feel lively and funny. [*Sings*] :

' For I'm a jolly good fellow,
I'm a jolly good fellow,
I'm a jolly good fellow,
In this we all agree."

Ida [*distressed*].—I hope this will convince mother and father that it's time to banish the bottles from our

pantry, and the liquor from our cooking. Charlie, go and brush your hair ; you look like a fright.

Charlie.—All right ! [*Goes out singing, " We won't go home till morning."*]

Ida.—What *shall* I do, Alice ? If Charlie grows up to be a drunkard, I shall never forgive myself.

Alice.—We will not let him be a drunkard, Ida. He must be persuaded to sign the pledge, and I will pray that he may be a good, sober man. Your mother will realize the necessity of having no temptation at home. I must go now, it is getting very late. [*Puts on hat*].

[CHARLIE *enters*].

Charlie.—Miss Alice, I will see you home.

Alice.—No, I thank you, Charlie ; I never accept an escort who is not a strict teetotaler.

Charlie [*putting his hands to his head*].—I wonder what ails my head ! it aches like everything.

Ida.—It's the effect of that dreadful punch, Charlie.

Charlie.—And *I* ought to be punched with a big stick for making such a fool of myself. I am so much ashamed of it, I am sure I shall never do it again. But when a fellow gets the taste of wine and brandy as often as I have in food, he grows to like it.

Alice.—Will you sign my iron-clad pledge to-morrow, which binds you not to *eat* or *drink* anything that contains alcohol in any form?

Charlie.—Not even mince-pie?

Alice.—Not unless it is temperance pie.

Ida.—You'll never get any other kind here, Charlie, for I shall be a teetotal housekeeper as long as I live.

Charlie [*with emphasis*].—I'll sign that pledge, and keep it too, Alice. And now, as I am going to be a strict teetotaler, I suppose you will allow me to escort you home?

Alice [*smiling*].—Certainly I will. Good-bye, Ida.

Ida.—Good-bye.

[ALICE and CHARLIE go out one side, IDA the other].

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WATER IS BEST.

BY

DAVID LAWTON.

CHARACTERS :

JOHN, *A Drinker's Son.*

HARRY, *A Band of Hope Boy.*

[*They advance from opposite sides of the platform, JOHN with a pitcher, supposed to contain beer, in his hand, HARRY with an empty water-pail.*]

John [*pointing scornfully to the water-pail*].—
Going for water, eh ?

Harry [*pointing to the pitcher*].—Been for beer, I
suppose ?

J.—Yes. [*Holds up the pitcher.*] This is for father's supper. And I shall get a cupful for fetching it, to make me strong. Beer will thrash water any time.

H.—Oh ! indeed. Well, that's not so bad either. I saw a good illustration of it yesterday. A man who had been drinking walked into the river, and, as soon as he found out where he was, he began thrashing the water in fine style with his hands and feet, trying to get out again. But the water came very near thrash-

ing him, for if some one had not helped him out he would have been drowned, poor man.

J.—Oh ! but I didn't mean anything like that.

H.—Of course not. You meant that those who drink beer will be stronger than those who drink water.

J.—Yes, that's just what I meant, and I think I'm right, too.

H.—Well, but I think I shall be able to show you that you are wrong. According to your idea those who take plenty of beer ought to be very strong ; but I saw a man the other day who has been a drinker almost all his life, and his hands trembled, and his body shook all over as if it was going to fall to pieces. Once, I dare say, he thought as you do—that beer was good for him. You had better mind, John, for the beer may thrash you yet. It is a dangerous thing to play with.

J.—Why, what harm can come of drinking good beer ?

H.—You may get to like it so much that you can not leave off taking it, however much you may want to do so.

J.—Nonsense. Beer is a lot better than water, I can tell you.

H.—Nay, but water is best.

J. [*disdainfully*]. What can water do ?

H.—What can beer do ?

J.—Make people strong, of course.

H. [*knowingly*].—But how does it make people strong, I should like to know ?

J. [*looks puzzled and scratches his head*].—I can not tell you that.

H. [*triumphantly*].—I thought not. It would puzzle wiser heads than ours to answer that.

J.—Well, but what can water do? Tell me that.

H.—Almost everything! Look how it turns our great mill-wheels, and carries the big ships from place to place, to say nothing about the little boats. Just think how the rain refreshes the land, and causes the grass, the flowers, and the corn to grow. Why, if there was no water you could not have the beer you seem to think so much of.

J.—How so?

H.—Because there would be nothing to make it of. The barley would not grow without rain; and then you must have water to brew with before you can make beer. We could do without beer a great deal better than with it, but we could not get along without water at all.

J.—Oh! I see. But how do you make it out that water is a better drink than beer?

H.—Because it will satisfy you when thirsty, and beer won't. People know when they have had enough water, but drinkers never seem to know when they're satisfied, for they are always drinking and always dry. And besides, water is one of the principal elements in the composition of our bodies, and when we drink it we are taking something which will become a part of ourselves. But our stomachs can not digest the alcohol, which is the principal thing in beer, and without which people would never think of taking it. If some one gave you a shilling, and you had a hole in your pocket and lost it, you would not be any the richer for having had it, would you?

J.—Oh! no, certainly not.

H.—Well, if you drink beer to make you strong you will be no better for it, because it comes out of your body just as it went into it. In fact, it will make you worse instead of better.

J.—How can it make me worse ?

H.—Because the alcohol, which I have just mentioned, is a deadly poison. So when you drink beer you are taking an enemy into your system which will do you harm just in proportion to the quantity taken and your strength to resist its ravages.

J.—Well, I did not know that before. You mean to say then that beer actually does people harm ?

H.—Of course I do. And I think I have proved it already. Our bodies were never intended to have such a fiery thing as alcohol put into them. God, who made our bodies and knows what is best for them, gave us pure water to drink. But He did not give us beer, and therefore I think we may be sure He never intended us to have it.

J.—I never thought of that before. If father offers me any of his beer to-night I shall say : “ No, thank you ! ”

H.—That's right. I hope you will come with me, when I have fetched water for mother, to our Band of Hope meeting ; and our secretary will be very glad to enroll you as a member.

J.—I shall be right glad to do so when I have taken this pitcher home.

H.—You have been trying beer-drinking a good while now, and when you have tried water-drinking as long I think you will have learned from experience what I honestly believe to be a fact—that WATER IS BEST. [Exit.]

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